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SIR STAFFORD NORTHCOTE AT BELFAST.

THERE is a legend among political gossips to the effect that when Mr. PARNELL was new to political life, and when the signature in red might be supposed to be not yet definitely affixed to the contract, Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE met the young member of Parliament and paternally remonstrated with him on "the pity of it." It might well seem sad to a good-natured and experienced statesman that an English gentleman almost of the whole blood, with the full advantages of an English education, and with others sufficient to enable him to lead an independent and honourable political career, with evident abilities and an uncommon aptitude for Parliamentary life, should not find some better part to play than to aim at the leadership of a gang of adventurers seeking a ruinous end by discreditable means. But the story is probably false; almost all stories are. If, however, it be true, Mr. PARNELL could hardly have found a more effective and at the same time unselfish means of repaying Sir STAFFORD for his kindness than the organization or permission of the abortive Invasion of the North immediately before the visit of the Conservative leader to Belfast. In any case, Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE would have been pretty sure of a cordial welcome in Ulster; the Parnellite raid secured him an enthusiastic one, which was not interfered with by the rather awkward changes of its programme. Indeed, it derived from these changes the positive advantage of being much more spontaneous than it might otherwise have been.

The Ulster Tories have reason to congratulate themselves on the events of the last fortnight. Partly through the judicious arrangements of the Irish Executive, but not a little owing also to the good sense and moderation of their own leaders, none of the outrages which brought the name of Orangeism into bad odour in the past have occurred. And yet the invaders failed completely, and had what must have been to them the particularly exasperating knowledge that they owed a whole skin, if not to the forbearance of their antagonists, at any rate to the protection of the hated Government. It is not surprising that in these circumstances Mr. PARNELL should with his usual astuteness have made no public sign, and that persons of the character of Messrs. HEALY and SEXTON should have striven to make up by the frantic virulence of their abuse for the obvious humiliation of their position. For that "satiric touch" which the great Englishman who is absurdly claimed by some people as an Irish patriot so often saw in and applied to Irish affairs, it would not be easy to better the spectacle presented by Mr. SEXTON at Leeds on Saturday last. Mr. SEXTON is a man of considerable ability, and when a man of considerable ability can find nothing more to do than to describe the chiefs of the party which has just defeated his own as having "shuffling wills, squinting memories, and paralysed understandings," and to abuse the Government which has just saved his friends' bones, such a man must surely be in evil case. It is true that at Leeds Mr. SEXTON and his colleagues may be said to have had a certain local propriety and consolation. They were safely separated from recalcitrant Ulster by the Channel; they were in the town represented by Mr. HERBERT GLADSTONE, who has so frequently cheered the drooping spirits of Irish Nationalism by the utterances of his large political knowledge and experience; and they were not a hundred miles from Manchester, where some Englishmen were unfortunately showing that they can be less true

to England than the Irishmen of Ulster. Expelled in the North of Ireland, Mr. PARNELL finds his Medina in the North of England. The Ansâr of the Irish prophet are the Radicals of the great Northern towns, though, to tell the truth, the comparison is one extremely unfair to early Islam. It would be an insult to the party of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN to suppose that they believe enthusiastically in Mr. PARNELL or in Home Rule. A certain number of them are probably careless of the effects of a separate Irish Parliament on the prosperity of the Empire; a few may have a theoretical affection for a Federal Republic, and probably not a few are secretly convinced that when their Irish allies have served their turn they can be easily reduced to such a condition as may be convenient; but all regard the Irish as welcome allies in the campaign against English institutions, English Tories, and, above all and first of all, English landlords. On the other hand, this state, or rather these states, of mind are almost exactly reciprocated by the party of Mr. PARNELL. There may not be in this the grounds of a durable alliance, but there certainly are those of a vigorous co-operation for a time.

The most important result by far of the invasion of Ulster is the apparent sinking, to some extent at least, of the bitter and ancient grudges between Liberal and Tory in face of the common enemy. It has been repeatedly pointed out, though not, it may be confessed, with any great hope of success, that for the Ulster Liberal, who is in reality more or less of a Whig of the old type, there is no safe, honourable, or logical course except alliance, which need not necessarily be fusion, with the Ulster Tory, who is less or more entitled to the same description. There is no reason why such distinctive points as remain of a famous and historic creed should be abjured. But these are in effect so few, and with regard to the pressing questions of the day so unimportant, that the maintenance of them need not in the least prevent the minority from joining the majority in resistance to schemes fatal to the prosperity of the British Empire in general, and to that of Ireland in particular. This truth, however, is one of those fatally obvious truths, the practical enforcement of which the political moralist knows to be the most difficult of all political tasks, and to be nowhere so difficult as in Ireland, where "no surrender" is in more than one sense the first of political mottos and points of honour. If it be true that the foray of the National League has had the desired effect, it deserves to rank in Irish history with the most famous, and in a sense with the most fortunate, exploits of Irish heroes. The news is almost too good to be true; but its truth would open up a brighter view of Irish possibilities than has been disclosed since the first hesitations of Mr. GLADSTONE in dealing with the Land League. Nor is it at all impossible that, by one of the curious revenges nowhere more common than on the political whirligig, the action of the League and the consequent action into which it urged the English Government may strengthen and enlarge the party of the garrison. The newly-estimated tenants are extremely unlikely to regard the Land Act as the miracle of justice, wisdom, and mercy which it is represented as being by Mr. GLADSTONE's flatterers. But they are very likely to see that Mr. GLADSTONE's English followers are quite as ready to follow some new Mr. GLADSTONE in interfering with the indefeasible right of the tenant as they were to follow their present leader in interfering with the indefeasible right of the landlord. Roughly speaking, Radicals may be divided into two classes. One class has a

kind of personal hatred of anybody who possesses an hereditary claim to anything—privilege, property, position, or what not. The other is imbued with abstract crotchets of one kind or another, which come in the long run to something not unlike this hatred. That curious hybrid, the tenant-part-owner whom the Bill created, is in quite as much danger, proportionately speaking, from Mr. GEORGE —is in nearly as much danger from Mr. CHAMBERLAIN—as his brother hybrid, the parcel-landlord. It is only a question of degree, and the fatal objection to non-toilers and non-spinners must in logic apply to the recipient of twenty-five per cent. of the rent as well as to the recipient of seventy-five per cent. *Omnnes eodem*; there is no excuse or escape for either from the wrath of those singular persons who discern in land something which makes it essentially wicked that it should belong to anybody to whom it does belong. As soon as this is perceived, a certain proportion of the beneficiaries under the Act of 1881 may probably ask themselves whether Mr. GLADSTONE and Mr. PARNELL are not perhaps as likely to take from B what he has just captured from A and give it to C as they are to cut a fresh slice from A for the benefit of B. A very long time must necessarily elapse before the enmity of South and North ceases, and an invasion of the former by the latter would assuredly have little chance of success. But the more and more Socialist and anarchic doctrines to which the leaders of the National League, like their English friends, are daily being forced might possibly induce defenders of order and property in all parts of this unfortunate country to unite in the only possible course of political action which can secure both property and order against the enmity of Irish demagogues and the unprincipled manoeuvres of English partisans.

SPAIN AND FRANCE.

THE outrage perpetrated against the King of SPAIN may possibly have political consequences, though it would be injudicious to exaggerate its importance. The Holy City, as it is called by M. VICTOR HUGO and by French and English Positivists, has for centuries been notorious for the savage brutality of its mob. From the days of the League down to the Reign of Terror and to the time of the Commune the Paris rabble has always been rude and bloodthirsty. LOUIS BLANC, its devoted eulogist, was compelled to imagine another people for the supposed perpetration of the most unpardonable atrocities, which were really committed by the lowest class of Parisians. He failed to explain where the *vrai peuple* hid itself while its place was occupied by the paid agents of PITT. It is well that on the present occasion the police, however ill directed, was able, with the aid of a military escort, to protect a Royal guest of the nation from actual violence. It seems, from the official apology of M. GRÉVY, that there is in France no law against similar manifestations. Good feeling, good breeding, and common humanity were not likely to restrain the conduct of the dominant crowd. It is not only in legislation and government that universal suffrage displays its peculiar character. The excuses which are offered for the misconduct of the populace are absurd, though they are sympathetically repeated by English Radical writers. When King ALFONSO proposed to visit Paris on his way to Vienna, he was informed, with questionable courtesy, that the PRESIDENT had not yet returned from his country house. He was accordingly requested to defer his intended compliment to the French Government till his return from Germany, and the invitation was not afterwards withdrawn.

During his presence at the manoeuvres the EMPEROR paid him the compliment of appointing him to an honorary colonelcy of a regiment which, probably without the KING's knowledge, happened to be quartered at Strasburg. Prince BISMARCK never interferes with military administration, and the offer proceeded directly from the EMPEROR. It is impossible to suppose that either Sovereign intended to affront French susceptibility. The German EMPEROR is not precluded from disposing of commissions in his army at pleasure because he may have had the misfortune to defeat the French in a war which they had wantonly provoked. On the other side, King ALFONSO could not have rejected the proposal without discourtesy, especially as he has only received a distinction which was already possessed by several kings and princes, who are not therefore suspected of enmity to France. Successive Emperors of

Russia, including ALEXANDER III., have been honorary colonels of Prussian regiments, and they certainly never inquired where the troops which they are supposed to command happened to be quartered. If the acceptance of the honour by King ALFONSO was distasteful to the French Government, there was ample time to withdraw, with or without some excuse, the invitation which he had already accepted. The continuance of the engagement was equivalent to a new invitation, offered with full knowledge of the circumstances. Not only the PRESIDENT and the Ministers, but every Frenchman, was bound by the act of the official representatives of the nation. When demagogues had persuaded the mob that offence had been given by the KING's proceedings in Germany, it would have been easy to publish an authoritative explanation of the circumstances. The least that could be done was to take care that ample protection should be given against possible insult as well as from violence.

If it is useless to criticize the conduct of a class which seems not to recognize the laws of good taste or of morality, the mob of Paris is not exclusively responsible for a disgraceful transaction. Many French journalists have excused, and some of them have openly applauded, the infamous outrage. It is still more surprising that M. GRÉVY should, by means of a paragraph in a paper under his control, have by anticipation associated himself with the discourtesy which awaited King ALFONSO. His son-in-law's journal announced that the PRESIDENT had wished to absent himself from the reception, and that he only consented to waive his own inclinations at the pressing instance of the PRIME MINISTER. The writer added that M. GRÉVY would not accompany the KING to the Spanish Embassy, where he was to take up his residence. With surprising, and yet deliberate, want of good breeding, the PRESIDENT abstained from wearing a Spanish Order, though the KING appeared with the Grand Cross of the Legion of Honour. A short delay at the station was occupied in a little domestic quarrel with M. JULES FERRY, who was not ready to receive the PRESIDENT as he alighted from his carriage. As if in emulation of the disrespect which he had censured, the PRESIDENT neglected to meet the KING half-way according to the rule of etiquette. It has already been observed that he left to the Minister the duty of accompanying the KING. The scandalous scene which ensued has been fully recorded, and it is only redeemed by two almost comic incidents. Some of the mob, recalling the early associations of 1870, shouted "A Berlin!" and the Correspondent of the *Times*, believing apparently that the demonstration was directed against himself, expressed to a companion his fear that they would be torn in pieces. It is due to M. JULES FERRY to admit that he seems to have behaved like a gentleman and a man of sense. Some subordinate of the MINISTER of the INTERIOR was probably responsible for the imperfect protection afforded to the KING, though General THIBAUDIN, who has unpleasant associations with the German army, refused to perform his official duty. It does not yet appear whether the apology by which the PRESIDENT partially redeemed his character originated with himself or his Ministers.

The KING's demeanour both in facing the howling multitude and in dealing with the PRESIDENT seems to have been faultless. In a young man courage approaching to rashness is not unbecoming, and the first refusal and subsequent acceptance of the PRESIDENT's invitation were equally dignified and proper. In the end it is possible that he may not be the loser by a disagreeable episode in his career. His return to Spain is welcomed with an enthusiasm which, though it has a temporary occasion, may perhaps partially survive in the form of permanent popularity. It is also possible that the friendly relations which have been established between the reigning Houses of Spain and Germany may be more closely knit by the savage outbreak of Parisian animosity against both. It is obvious that threats and insults offered to the King of SPAIN because he is Colonel of a Uhlan regiment are directed against the German army. Only a French Commundard would persuade himself that the name of a branch of the German service which covered itself with glory in the last war was a contemptuous appellation; but mobs attach a signification of their own to any nickname which they invent or repeat. A German journalist who is supposed to express Prince BISMARCK's opinions and intentions lately warned the French people that it was both unreasonable and dangerous to treat as provisional or as unjust an arrangement sanctioned by

treaties. Since Alsace has been transferred by the fortune of war to the Empire to which it historically belongs, there is no new act of hostility in the occupation of Strasburg by a garrison. The colonel of a Uhlan regiment quartered at Strasburg is not by virtue of his actual or titular employment an enemy of France. If the French nevertheless treat Germany as an object of hostility, the challenge may sooner or later be accepted.

It is not known whether any overtures of Spain for admission into the ranks of the Great Powers have either been made or encouraged by the German Government; and it is known that no compact of any kind resulted from the KING's visit to Germany. The statement that Prince BISMARCK has intimated his readiness to concur in recognition of the supposed pretensions of Spain is evidently founded on conjecture. The qualification for a share in European councils is one which cannot be arbitrarily created. Even Italy, which has been formally recognized as a Great Power, has hitherto exercised little influence in international questions. On the other hand, France is undeniably a Power of the first rank, in spite of any want of dignity or generosity in her policy for the time. Neither the oppression of a humble missionary nor the rudeness offered to a guest of the nation affects the position of a country with an enormous army, a powerful navy, and an ample revenue; but the French Government and press have for some time past done their utmost to reduce their country to a state of isolation. Italy and England have in turn been affronted; and the Austrian Court probably resents the insults offered to a recent visitor and near connexion. It is not prudent to express the ill-will which is entertained for Germany. The ambition of Spain is not unnatural. Sixteen or seventeen years ago, O'DONNELL, then at the head of the Spanish Government, hoped to raise his country to the rank of a Great Power by aggressive wars with Morocco, with Peru, and with Chili, and by the reconquest of San Domingo. His successor, NARVAEZ, withdrew from all O'DONNELL's enterprises; and soon afterwards the attention of Spanish generals and Ministers was absorbed by military insurrections, by revolutions, and civil wars. Notwithstanding internal difficulties, Spain has of late years grown in wealth and population, and civil disorders have become comparatively infrequent. Sooner or later the desired promotion will be conceded, and perhaps it may be accelerated by co-operation with Germany in the maintenance of peace, though there may be no formal alliance.

THE LONDON MAYORALTY.

THE proceedings at the Guildhall on Saturday last have been the subject of some curious comments. The Corporation of London is at present keenly watched by its open enemies, and perhaps not less keenly by some pretended friends. A false step now would have consequences far more serious than it would have had, say, ten years ago. The election of a Lord Mayor for next year took place, as usual, on Michaelmas Day, which fell on Saturday; and the choice made by the Aldermen from among two candidates proposed, though it was unexpected by the Livery, was not objected to seriously. No poll was demanded—a fact which in itself disposes of more than half the comments we have mentioned. The candidate not chosen was Alderman HADLEY. If his friends really believed what so many of them have since ventured to assert in print, that he ever had the slightest chance, why did they not demand a poll? That they did not seems to show both that his chance was worthless, and also that some of them, at least, found out in time what a first-rate grievance was provided for them. The Aldermen, they could now cry, had refused a Liberal candidate, and had chosen a Conservative. It was enough. As they did not demand a poll, we can understand that no great enthusiasm was felt for Alderman HADLEY. In the misfortune of their friend they had abundant consolation for themselves. The Court of Aldermen had taken a fatal step, some even went so far as to say an unprecedented step. They had passed over the Alderman first on the list, and had chosen the Alderman who stood fourth. It happened that the man of their choice was a Conservative and a member of Parliament. It was to be expected that, though some Radical Liveryman might talk like this, reason would prevail before Monday morning, and the choice of the Court be admitted to have been right. And no doubt this was the case in the City. A

few minutes' inquiry into the facts showed the wisdom of the course pursued by the Aldermen, its legality, the many precedents that existed for it, and, above all, the ease with which the Liverymen, had they been sincere, might have upset it. On Monday morning, however, though the excitement, if there ever was any, in the City had subsided, it broke out elsewhere. We must give the members of the Radical press the credit of being strict Sabbatarians. The election took place, as we have said, on Saturday. It might be supposed that any one who intended writing on the election of Alderman FOWLER would have taken the pains of ascertaining some time between Saturday and Monday what were the facts of the case. This was not so. The Liberal morning papers came out with articles which showed what can only be characterized as "colossal ignorance," combined with a determination, by no means obscurely expressed, to make political capital out of the business. Perhaps the strangest of these articles appeared where we should least have expected it—namely, in the *Times*.

This remarkable article condoled with the City on its approaching doom in words rather sorrowful than angry. The popular choice, it said, was undoubted, yet it did not attempt to account for the fact that Alderman HADLEY's noisy supporters refused to put their choice to the test. But the *Times* evidently knows nothing of their power to do so. The breach of custom is of a most marked kind, we are told. But is the *Times* not aware that there was no breach of custom at all? Have we never heard that Alderman HARMER was passed over about forty years ago because he was supposed to have libelled the QUEEN? Although the City magnates knew that then, as now, their motives would be misinterpreted by interested people, they performed what they considered a painful duty, and were told, of course, that they had truckled to the Court. Alderman WOOD was passed over four years in succession. Alderman GIBBS was passed over for good and weighty reasons one year, but was subsequently for equally good reasons elected. Alderman MUGGERIDGE was never permitted to become Lord Mayor, and the reasons were well known, though never actually published. If we are to believe the *Times*, one of the most astute bodies of men in the world has committed an act which amounts to something very like municipal suicide. Knowing who compose the Court of Aldermen, it seems incredible that any one possessed of ordinary judgment could suppose that they acted without the very strongest reasons. Those reasons the Aldermen wisely keep to themselves. But the *Times* ignores all such considerations. "The Aldermen may think that they have done well in securing a sound Tory and an opponent of reform as their chief spokesman and representative." Even Mr. FIRTH, in a letter to Thursday's *Times*, avoids saying this. It might be expected that even the most ignorant writer on City questions would have made himself acquainted, however superficially, with the present state of politics in the Corporation. But, then, all this outpouring of sorrow and warning would have been lost to the world and the City. Had the writer been aware that exactly half the Aldermen are Liberals, if not Radicals, we might have been deprived of such a prediction as this:—"The real gainers by the election of Saturday, the real party to which the spoils of victory will fall, are the promoters of City reform." If so, why did the "promoters of City reform" elect Alderman FOWLER? The answer is too near and obvious to have struck the far-seeing and prophetic eye of the writer in the *Times*. To him the action of the Aldermen "will be shown to have furnished proof that some change in the government of the City is imperatively called for, in the interest of the City itself." When he goes on to avow that "we know nothing about Mr. Alderman HADLEY which can be taken to justify the undoubted slight which has been put upon him," we may add that, seeing his complete ignorance, not only of this part of the subject, but of every other part, he was very ill advised, without at least taking counsel with some citizen, to try to make Radical party capital out of a choice which has no political motive.

A moment's reflection shows this. The Court of Aldermen is, politically speaking, equally divided. Mr. FOWLER, when he so far broke through the usual restraints of aldermanic etiquette as to admit that he had voted for the election of Alderman HADLEY, proved that it must have been the defection of some of the Liberal members of the Court that put Alderman HADLEY in the minority. Great secrecy characterizes the voting in the Aldermen's Chamber. Each member whispers his vote, and after the election the

record is destroyed; yet it is very well known in the City that the majority for Mr. FOWLER was considerable, one rumour going so far as to assert that it was more than two to one. But the barest majority is sufficient to prove that the question before the Aldermen was not a party one; and it would be impossible for the greatest enemy of the Corporation to prove that a Lord Mayor has been elected or rejected on party grounds for more than thirty years past, if not for half a century. On the contrary, it is well known that, rather than depart from established usage, the Conservative Aldermen would have plumped for a Liberal candidate had they considered him personally qualified. The *Times* oddly observes, "as nothing was said, we can only conclude there was nothing of moment that could be said." The obvious conclusion is just the opposite. Had the Aldermen objected to Mr. HADLEY merely on political grounds, they would assuredly have let it be known. There were thirteen Liberal Aldermen present at the election, yet not one of them has asserted or hinted at such a thing, nor was it maintained at the subsequent debate in the Common Council which terminated in a vote supporting the action of the Superior Court. In short, we have here a typical example of how the government of public opinion is conducted. The readers of the *Times* conclude that at least its writers are well informed, and that even the obvious bias of the writer of Monday's article would not have led him into such an imputation on the fathers of the City without some accurate information. His sorrow "for the inauspicious circumstances under which Mr. Alderman FOWLER has been elected" has so filled his eyes that it has blinded him as to the most elementary facts of the case. Even to the word "inauspicious" we must take exception. Had Mr. FOWLER's election been formally opposed, had his opponents demanded a poll, and had he eventually been returned by a majority of a few votes, then his election might, by people who like to misuse classical terms, have been called "inauspicious"; but not under the present circumstances, when it is supported by the almost universal consent of the citizens, a consent which the *Times* might easily have ascertained without any very serious breach of its Sabbatarian scruples.

THE CONSERVATIVE CASE.

IT is probably superfluous to remind the Conservative leaders that in holding meetings and delivering speeches they are performing a thankless duty. The controversy might perhaps be allowed to rest, if both sides could tacitly arrange a truce; but the average human mind is so constituted that it acquiesces in any statement which is frequently repeated and not contradicted. It may be difficult largely to reduce the popular majority which follows Mr. GLADSTONE; but it is proper to give expression to the convictions of moderate and intelligent politicians. The Government ought not to escape with impunity from the consequences of its miscalculation or negligence in the conduct of the Suez Canal negotiations. The voluntary admission of the case of the adversary, made solely for the personal convenience of the Government, was something worse than a blunder. A similar preference of party interest to public expediency and to the principles of morality was exhibited in the widely different matter of the Contagious Diseases Act. In that instance it was thought more desirable to sacrifice the health or the lives of soldiers and sailors than to risk a collision with a section of the Liberal party consisting wholly of fanatics. It is well not to lose an opportunity of exposing the follies which have been committed in South Africa at the instance of another section of sentimental philanthropists. Perhaps it is not too late to explain the wanton and dangerous character of the ILBERT Bill, or to protest against the proposed extension of native misgovernment in India. A vigorous reasoner might perhaps convince even a miscellaneous audience of the folly of passing bad laws, as the VICEROY has confessed, in the hope that they may react beneficially on the character of the agents by whom they are to be administered. The questions which have been enumerated are worth raising in the hope of counteracting the mischief which has been done, and of preventing the continuance of an unscrupulous policy. If the Government is incidentally discredited, the Opposition will have gained a legitimate advantage.

It is time for the representatives of the party to consider whether they should not raise more important issues than those to which even such a speaker as Mr. GIBSON has

hitherto confined himself. It is hardly worth while to repeat again and again the taunts which Mr. GLADSTONE justly incurred during his frantic efforts against the late Government. It is true that he pledged himself to a large number of measures which have not yet been introduced into Parliament; but his opponents are not really disappointed by the comparative paucity of unwelcome innovations. It is a great sin to swear unto a sin, but the impartial casuist holds that it is a greater sin to keep thirty sinful oaths. Mr. GLADSTONE might further vindicate his conduct by showing that what he has done is as large a step towards revolution as all the measures which he has thus far postponed. In his notorious list of Bills which ought, as he contended, to have been proposed by Lord BEACONSFIELD, the transfer of property from Irish landlords to their tenants was not included; nor indeed was an Irish Land Bill contemplated by the new Ministry when it first succeeded to office. It is always rash to challenge a formidable assailant who may be for the moment inactive. At the beginning of 1868, in answer to mutinous followers who had complained that their leader would not lead, Mr. GLADSTONE suddenly brought forward his Resolutions for disestablishing the Irish Church, and, *speciosa dehinc miracula promens*, he carried in rapid succession the Disestablishment Bill, the Ballot Bill, and the first Irish Land Bill. A want of pugnacity and enterprise cannot be counted among his faults. He is still capable of confounding by unexpected bursts of destructive energy the critics who compare the threats which he has uttered with the blows which he has hitherto inflicted. No adequate effect is produced by the frequent statement that the public expenditure has been increased since the last change of administration. An examination of financial details would probably show that the same outlay might have been incurred if the Conservatives had remained in office. The cost of the Egyptian expedition must be considered with reference to general policy, and not to finance.

The defect of the Conservative organization is not that the party is wanting in respectability, or that its leaders are at a loss for plausible arguments. Their sarcasms and invectives are often well deserved; but they faintly represent the distrust and alarm which are excited in thoughtful minds by the more or less conscious complicity of the Government with projects of political and social subversion. One Cabinet Minister has publicly announced the approaching overthrow of almost all national institutions; and the right of ownership of land, if not of property in general, is openly threatened. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN and Mr. MORLEY denounce both capitalists and landlords as idlers who neither toil nor spin. A candidate for a great constituency offers to buy the Irish vote by the dissolution of the United Kingdom, and to conciliate the native rabble by applying all landed property to the payment of the National Debt. In ordinary cases, demagogues are responsible for their lawless proposals; but a portion of the Liberal party in Manchester, fortunately insufficient, as the event has proved, to constitute even a respectable minority, was not ashamed to support the candidature of Dr. PANKHURST. Yet it was difficult to distinguish his political creed from the doctrines which have been repeatedly propounded by Mr. CHAMBERLAIN. If the greatness and imminence of the danger were once made intelligible to the respectable classes of the community, attacks on the Government would no longer be confined to charges of feeble legislation or of personal inconsistency. The whole fabric of society is threatened with destruction; nor is the purpose of its enemies in any way disguised. Mr. LABOUCHERE'S Income-tax of fifty or a hundred per cent. on those whom he may choose to denounce as unnecessarily rich might be converted into a practical measure, if it became worth the while of agitators and adventurers to profess the theories of Dr. PANKHURST. Grave Conservative politicians ought to assume the championship, not of a Parliamentary party, but of the vast community which is exposed to anarchy and ruin.

The frivolous consolation which is sometimes addressed to the designated victims of revolution may be dismissed with contempt. Superficial observers remark that confiscation has been often foretold, and that it has never actually arrived. The inference that the wolf may not appear at last is confuted by the ancient fable. It may be true that democratic changes have tended to multiply themselves, and that the succession of consequences has sometimes been anticipated. When, seventeen years ago, it suited the purpose of Lord RUSSELL and Mr. GLADSTONE to disturb the existing representative system, Mr. LOWE

gave eloquent expression to a well-founded fear of revolution. In the following year Mr. DISRAELI joined in the conspiracy with Lord DERBY, who, by his own avowal, took a leap in the dark. In the course of half a generation which has since elapsed the character of legislation and government has been fundamentally changed; and a far larger democratic measure is now impending. Mr. DISRAELI deluded himself with an arbitrary assumption that he had penetrated into a Conservative layer in the political stratification. There is now no room for self-deception, nor are the agitators of the present careful to conceal their ulterior objects. The extension of the franchise and the creation of equal electoral districts are proposed as preliminary steps to the abolition or restriction of the right of property. It is against Jacobinism in its communistic form, and not to the overthrow of any special Ministry, that Conservative leaders ought to direct their efforts. It is not impossible that some Liberals might listen to the warning.

The rearrangement of parties and the beginning of the decisive struggle may perhaps be postponed for another Session. The Government cannot redeem any considerable portion of its unfulfilled promises of legislation if it proceeds at once to introduce the Bill for the establishment of a uniform franchise. It may be doubted whether the Ministers themselves have yet made up their minds as to the precipitation of the conflict. Their more advanced members will probably urge the immediate introduction of a Reform Bill in the well-founded expectation that a more democratic Parliament will accomplish other changes more summarily and more completely. If the Corporation of London were to survive for another year, it would be exposed to the attacks of the nominees of household or universal suffrage. The agrarian agitators for the same reason wished to postpone legislation in their own favour during the last Session. When the franchise Bill is introduced, the conflict in both Houses will probably turn on the question whether the redistribution of seats is to be included in the Reform Bill. Mr. GIBSON has discovered an argument for the combination of the two measures in the supposed inconvenience of two successive dissolutions. It will evidently be impossible either to prolong the duration of the present Parliament after the addition of a million electors to the constituencies or to conduct legislation when half the members sit for boroughs or counties which have been abolished or largely remodelled; but practical difficulties of this kind may be disregarded in the course of a desperate contest. It is not impossible that a Radical Ministry may anticipate some party advantage from the rapid recurrence of a second or third general election.

THE BALKAN PENINSULA.

NEARLY every week now is marked by either a temporary lull or a fresh symptom of disquietude in the disturbed politics of the East. The register this week is on the whole peaceful in its character. The Croatian disturbances, which for the last month or more have threatened to add a new element of danger to a group of questions already full enough of peril, seem to have entered into a less acute phase. That these disturbances were due mainly to antipathies of race between the Croat and the Magyar, and partly to a socialist antagonism between the poor and the rich, is thoroughly borne out by the fuller news which has since been published. The hostilities of race between the two do not, as the writer of an unsigned letter in the *Times* of Tuesday last seems to imagine, date from the events of the year 1848, but have their roots deep in the past. It was on account of these inherited antipathies that the Croats were willing and able to play so prominent a part in suppressing the Hungarian revolution. It would need an accurate knowledge of that part of Europe to say with any approach to precision how strong the sense of Croatian nationality is, or how far it can be counted on as a serious force in the Eastern question. But it is, at all events, clear that the opposition between Croats and Hungarians is a fact which has to be reckoned with, and which may possibly in the future play as important a part in the practical politics of the Eastern question as it has in the past. That it has already serious weight is shown by the fact that the Hungarian *insignia*, the sight of which stimulated the Croatian to revolt and outrage, are now by order of the Hungarian Government to be removed. The mere fact of their presence could hardly, unless the feeling of hostility to Hungary

had been already strong in Croatia, have led to outbreaks so serious and widespread as those which have recently taken place; nor, unless it were an object of importance to conciliate the good-will of Croatia, would the Cabinet of Pesth have so soon capitulated to the demands of the insurgents. The rising seems to have been marked by acts of extreme brutality. At Maja, according to a Correspondent of the *Times*, the head of the Town Council, a respectable gentleman of seventy years of age, was sought for at his official residence by a crowd of insurgents. He happened, however, to be laid up by illness at his private house, which was a mile and a half from the town. Thither the mob proceeded, dragged the old man out of bed, carried him from his house into the vestry of the church at Maja, and there beat and hacked him to death. This is but a typical instance of the outrages which have been committed in the course of the rising. What the final result of the whole matter will be cannot be predicted with any certainty. It has been made evident that the Croatian insurgents cannot stand for any length of time against the regular forces at the disposal of the Government; and, on the other hand, that the Croatian jealousy and dislike of Hungarian predominance is so strong and general that the Government has no alternative but to enter on the path of concession. This is the substance of the declaration made on Wednesday by Herr TISZA in the Hungarian Lower House.

Meanwhile the crisis in Bulgaria is far from being at an end, if indeed the word "crisis" can be properly applied to a set of conflicts and intrigues which has become chronic. So far as can at present be judged, it has resulted in the frustration of the plans of the Russian Government, and in the awakening of a stronger national feeling in the population of Bulgaria. It will be remembered that two years ago the Bulgarian Constitution was—at the instigation, it is commonly believed, of the Russian Government—suspended by the ruling PRINCE, and the Assembly dismissed. The Constitution then suspended was not that originally proposed by Russia, but one of a far more popular character substituted for it. The details of the long series of intrigues by which Russia endeavoured to gain practical control over Bulgaria are imperfectly known; but the aim of the Russian wire-pullers has been to play off the PRINCE and the Constitution one against the other, siding with each as the exigencies of the case might suggest. The PRINCE, during the period in which he governed without the Assembly, is said to have been treated by the Russian officials in Bulgaria like a menial; and it is asserted that they attempted, but failed, to get up a military revolt against him. Little as the Bulgarian Assembly may have accomplished, and inexperienced in public affairs as its members necessarily were, the experiment could not fail to develop the taste for self-government among the people. The result, accordingly, of the manœuvres of the Russian agents in Bulgaria has proved the reverse of that which was intended. The position of the PRINCE was rendered such that, in order to escape from Russian tutelage, he was compelled to make his choice between either leaving the country or allying himself with the leaders of the popular party. In taking the latter course, he has perhaps acted with prudence. It can hardly be expected that the popularity of Russia in Bulgaria can be permanent. To the popular mind Russia, which once appeared in the light of a deliverer, will come to be regarded as a meddler at present and as a possible conqueror in the future. It is evident that Russia cannot now exercise the paramount influence which she desires in Bulgaria, unless the leading civil and military functionaries of that State are either Russian or under Russian control; and it is equally evident that natives may not always willingly suffer the chief prizes which the political life of the country offers to pass into the hands of foreigners. So much may still be hoped by the Bulgarians when the final settlement of the Eastern question arrives that we can scarcely expect that Bulgaria will as yet pass out of the sphere of Russian influence; nor, in fact, would Russia suffer this to happen. But it may safely be predicted that the longer the final settlement is deferred, and the longer the Bulgarian people are allowed to pursue a peaceful course of political and economical development, the less tolerant will they become of foreign interference and dictation. They will more and more feel their own power, and try to shake off the leading-strings in which they have hitherto been held. One of the most significant facts that have hitherto come to light on this question is the recent decision of the Assembly, reported in the *Standard* of Thursday, that the Minister of War is

to be a purely administrative official, responsible to the Assembly, and that the real as well as the nominal command of the army is to belong to the PRINCE. This is the most essential step of all towards the genuine independence of Bulgaria. If the army is once freed from foreign direction, the chief foundation of Russian influence will be gone.

While the hold of Russia on Bulgaria appears to be relaxing, Roumania and Servia are passing more and more into the sphere of Austrian and German influence. Between Roumania and Russia there can have been little love lost since the Treaty of Berlin. The political advantages of leaning on Austria (with Germany behind) rather than on Russia are so obvious that they need hardly be repeated. The only chance that Roumania has of an independent political life is that the Russian advance to the Balkans and to the Bosphorus should be checked. Placed geographically in such a position that she must make her choice between Russia and Austria, it is natural that she should prefer the Power which is not only, considering its alliances, the stronger, but which also has no motive, either of policy or tradition, for crushing the nationality of the States with which it is in contact. With the single exception of the Italian provinces of Austria (now, happily for both countries, lost), there is probably no part of the Austrian Empire which is not at present better off than it would be under any other political arrangement that is feasible. The advance of Russia means the absorption of Roumania; the advance of Austria her practical independence. And it is better to be independent by the side of a comparatively free and civilized Empire than absorbed by one that is barbarous and despotic. In Servia the popular feeling appears to be strongly anti-Austrian. But there, also, many of the responsible politicians who have to manage the affairs of the country, together with the KING, see the hopelessness of pursuing a policy hostile to, or independent of, that of Austria. Servia is drawn to Russia by ties of race which do not exist between Russia and Roumania; but, nevertheless, she is learning to find in Austria both a nearer and a better neighbour.

TWO SIDES OF THE SHIELD.

SIR STAFFORD NORTHCOTE, who has a pleasant wit when he chooses, applied on Wednesday the old story of the division of misfortunes into trials and judgments to his own maritime disasters. The story is of wider application in the same connexion, as they would say in America. Very edifying to the curious are the comments of one political party on the political utterances of the other, and the fair-minded person will admit that it is not in this matter easy to draw a very fine distinction between CÆSAR and POMPEY. There appears, however, to have been somewhat more than ordinary susceptibility (what may perhaps appropriately be called a "special Pompeyishness") about the supporters of the Government in reference to this Irish visit of Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE'S. It is a very vocal susceptibility, but perhaps not quite so articulate as vocal. It is the well-known habit of the British rough in his milder moods, and when only playfully dissatisfied with men and things, to indulge in an ejaculation which usually takes typographic form as "Hoo! Yah!" Neither of these words, so far as is known, occurs in any dictionary, though they are to be found in books which are already almost classics. They (or rather the sounds which the man of letters thus transliterates) are understood to express disapproval, ridicule, and modified indignation, accompanied, however, by a sense that it is difficult to find any special fault with the unpopular person or thing. Various Government newspapers have been saying "Hoo! Yah!" to Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE, Mr. GIBSON, Sir H. DRUMMOND WOLFF, and other Opposition speakers who have been frequent on platforms of late. Also it was but to be expected that the political wiseacre who invariably disapproves of anybody who talks politics except himself, should ask why Sir STAFFORD and other people cannot hold their tongues, and if they cannot hold their tongues, why they cannot say something new? This is unreasonable of the political wiseacre, for who can be supposed (except perhaps his own Paris Correspondent) to be able to say anything which shall be information to a creature of such transcendent wisdom? But it has this counterbalancing advantage, that it dispenses the wiseacre from attempting the dangerous task of himself taking up the part of what is called in certain circles, we believe, an "informationist."

Meanwhile the speakers go on speaking very contentedly. Soon it will be the turn of the Ministerialists to speak and of the Opposition newspapers to say, "Hoo! Yah!" By this eminently British practice the two sides of the shield are at any rate certain to be held up, though whether the light to which they are held is exactly dry light is a question which need not at present be discussed other than indirectly.

This pleasant story of the shield probably has a more extensive bearing in politics than any other of the agreeable legends which contain the wisdom of untraceable ancients. It is really astonishing what an inveterate habit shields have of possessing two sides and of showing only one. For instance, the Rev. STEPHEN GLADSTONE writes to a newspaper on the subject of his father's appearances at the Hawarden lectern. "It would be obviously undesirable," says Mr. STEPHEN GLADSTONE, with great propriety of feeling, "to announce beforehand when Mr. GLADSTONE will 'read the lessons.'" But he has just announced that this function will not take place to-morrow. A habitual regarnder of both sides may possibly wonder whether there is anything less undesirable in telling sightseers that they need not come to church to see Mr. GLADSTONE read on one day than in warning them that that diversion will be open to them on another. Both seem to be announcements equally improper, not to say indecent. But considerable allowance must be made for the harassed family of this great man. And Mr. STEPHEN GLADSTONE is hardly to be blamed for having seized the opportunity of assuring at least one tolerably quiet Sunday, and of performing at least one duty of his office without the agreeable consciousness that divine worship is being made subsidiary to the appearance of his distinguished father in a favourite character. This, however, though it comes pat enough, is only a minor illustration of the great shield principle. The major illustration of the moment is that furnished by Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE'S tour and speeches. Very remarkably different are the sides of Mr. GLADSTONE'S Irish and general policy as held up by Sir STAFFORD and by Sir STAFFORD'S critics. The Conservative leader speaks with no uncertain sound about his side. He is going in, heart and soul, for the integrity of the Empire, and the Government are not. He knows no difference between a Conservative of Belfast and a Conservative of Glasgow and a Conservative of Manchester. He wants all these three persons, and the classes to which they belong, to call themselves Nationalists. He urges them to organize, so as to resist the organization on the other side, and he says uncomplimentary things about that organization. So much for one side. On the other the supporters of the Government are scandalized at Sir STAFFORD'S picture. Disruption of the Empire? Who wants to disrupt it? National party? What party can be so national as the one which goes in for majorities pure and simple, and is led by that national darling, Mr. GLADSTONE? When did the Tory party do anything good for Ireland or anywhere else? When did Mr. GLADSTONE do anything but good? As for Caucasus, are not the wicked abusers of the Caucus toiling and moiling to establish imitation Caucasus on their own side? In short, most of it is nonsense and the rest is falsehood. The integrity of the Empire cannot possibly be safer than it is in Mr. GLADSTONE'S hands, and a national party is that which secures at any given election the biggest national vote. No one writer or speaker has, of course, said all this; but this, or something like it, is the upshot of the answers which have just been made, and which are usually made, to the attempt to make good the Conservative title to the name national. It may be added that this attempt seems to have been made with uncommon success at Belfast, and that, to use a vulgarism, there seems to be political money in it. Therefore, it is not surprising that partisans on the other side are on the alert.

But which of these two sides of the shield is the right side is the natural demand of the puzzled elector. Here the original parallel fails. For the legendary shield actually had two sides, and was both gold and silver at once. That is hardly possible here. If the Conservatives are, on the whole, specially bent on preserving the integrity and the strength of the Empire, how can the party which sedulously endeavours to undo everything that Conservatives do be bent on the same thing? The average elector does not know; but is it impossible for him to know? For instance, if one party habitually favours measures which impose separate legislation on different parts of the United Kingdom, and the other habitually opposes such legislation, which may be said, on the whole, to favour integrity and which disruption? Did Mr. GLADSTONE pass or oppose

laws gratifying Irish separatism in matters of religion and of land tenure? Was it in a Parliament in which he is supreme or in another that an Act imposing restrictions on Wales in the matter of the liquor traffic was passed because "the Welsh people" were in favour of it? What political party is it which has recently striven to revive pseudo-national jealousies and susceptibilities in Scotland, partly by silly platform speeches, and partly by useless projects of departmental reorganization? And if these notes or marks all agree in designating one party rather than the other, what is the tendency of the measures to which they refer? Here are some questions for electors, the answers to which need not be indicated. But, if made, they might perhaps give reason for thought to those who complain that intelligence and cultivation are inclining dangerously and unfairly to the Conservative side. It is not the fault of moderate and reasonable politicians if some who occupy high places in Liberalism have made inclination to the Liberal side difficult, not to say impossible. In most of the controversies of the past there was no such difficulty as now meets a patriotic Englishman at every step. For instance, there is the contemporary and interesting spectacle of the Manchester election. Dr. PANKHURST, it is true, was a disobedient Liberal—a Liberal who refused to be guided by the voice of the Caucus, and took his own headstrong way. But his Liberalism, or rather his Radicalism, is not impeached. Was it he or his opponent who bought the Irish vote? To which party do Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, Mr. JOHN MORLEY, Mr. BRADLAUGH, and other open or scarcely veiled favourers of Irish legislative independence belong? In the course of answering these questions, the elector will be again confronted by the shield difficulty. He will be told that the answers of course identify the Liberal, or rather the Radical, party with these measures, but that they are not really disintegrating measures. To let every man do what he likes is the very best way to produce a beautiful harmony of common action. When an Irish Parliament is free to refuse supplies for a purpose for which the English Parliament votes them; when Scotland, stimulated by Lord ROSEBURY's chatter, piqued by the spectacle of a legislative assembly in Dublin, and worked up by agrarian agitators, begins to think that one Union is not much better than another, these little difficulties will only be instances of the healthy play of individual will. Every part will be discordant with every other part; but the unanimity of the whole will be wonderful. That is what will, indeed what must, be said; for there is nothing else to say. And if the average Englishman is content to listen to it, and to admit that national unity is among the shields that have two sides, why there is nothing more to be said either.

THE CHURCH CONGRESS AT READING.

THE Archbishop of CANTERBURY in his opening sermon at the Reading Church Congress last Tuesday summed up with much concentrated force the position of the Church of England in Christendom and in the world, and the relation of the Church Congresses to the Church. The superficial reader, disappointed of the regulation platitudes about toleration, or the dry assertion of spiritual lineage and authority, might pass over what were really very definite claims as merely sparkling rhetoric. Christianity being the continuous and "final manifestation of God to man," the Church in general, and for us the Church of England, under conditions of special advantage, was the instrument of such manifestation at a time when, quoting Dean Hook, the ARCHBISHOP asserted that the Reformation begun in the sixteenth century had to be continued in the nineteenth, and, in the words of M. JULES SIMON, that the struggle of the nineteenth century was between Spiritualism and Nihilism. As for such bodies as Church Congresses, in the first place, the necessity of unity was strongly insisted upon; but, in the next place, so as to guard against the risk of unity being sought through unmanly compromise, the preacher laid down that "there was a danger that men should confound the means and the end. The end was peace; but the effort to attain that end was not necessarily peaceful, but needed constant struggle and labour." It may be said that this is, after all, only the old-fashioned *si vis pacem para bellum* slightly amplified. Perhaps it is so; but there are times when it becomes courageous, and almost original, to revive maxims of traditionary experience which it may suit the passing caprice of the age to make light of.

It follows from these definitions that a Church Congress which endeavours to carry out such very extensive requirements must, on the one side, minister in the solemn regions of scientific research, and strive to co-ordinate the manifestations of God and of nature; and, on the other, go down into the working world of present action, which is half fighting and half constructing. The debate which followed in the Congress Hall, after a peculiarly able address, full of tact, from the presiding Bishop of OXFORD, on recent advances of natural science, in their relations to the Christian faith, was, in brief, the recognition by Christians that the newly-developed theory of evolution, irrespective of its scientific value, as to which, however, the general convictions of the speakers were decidedly favourable, had nothing in it contrary either to the idea of an intelligent Creator or to the Bible, interpreted as it has long been in reference to the days of the Creation. It required no Church Congress to lead intelligent believers to this conclusion; but, as it had been reached, it was well to provide some occasion of proclaiming it which, in the absence of absolute authority, was public and formal. Certainly the gain is not on the side of those who strive to misuse science in behalf of unbelief, and who find their own weapons turned against themselves by the men whom they began by despising and ended with misunderstanding.

The evening discussion on the first day, on recent advances in Biblical criticism and historical discovery, was of a similar character; but in the meanwhile Church politics of the most present-day character had been canvassed in the secondary meeting room, and the true value and work of Church Conferences and such-like consultative gatherings of clergy and laity had been vindicated, to the disadvantage of Mr. ALBERT GREY's grotesque chimera of a Church Council, elected under Act of Parliament and by universal suffrage, to bully the parson in every parish.

Wednesday's sitting, to consider the marriage laws, was of exceptional importance at the present crisis of the wife's sister question; and the Congress had been prepared for it by some bold and timely sentences in the Bishop of OXFORD's opening address, prefaced by the statement that he could hardly bear to speak of the matter "with becoming patience." Those who agreed with him, as he truly said, asked plain questions and could get no reply. The other side asserted that "the father is a stranger to the closest of his children's kin. But when they were asked why in the light of these assertions they proposed to legislate for a single case alone, and how they distinguished it from other cases, they had not the honesty or the courage to speak a word." As to the bullying threats of the promoters of the change, "I should grieve sorely if hereafter the historian could say with truth that the Bishops of England had forfeited their place in Parliament by personal cowardice, by political corruption, by slavish adherence to a party, or subserviency to a Court." It would, on the other hand, create no sense of shame if "the Bishops gave the vote which was fatal to their order in defence of the purity of English homes, in support of long-settled principles of English law, in accordance with the teaching of the Word of God."

The debate was worthy of the invitation, for Archdeacon HESSEY, who possesses a complete mastery of the question, was very happy, while the able and uncompromising papers of Mr. SCLATER-BOOTH and Mr. WALTER showed how much there is in common in English religion and on the better side of social life to combine men whom politics compel to sit on opposite sides of the House of Commons. Education, from the Universities down to the parish school, was the leading topic of Thursday's discussions, and had been prefaced by the President's observation, to which all who have considered the internal condition of the Universities will bear witness, that, in spite of the loosing of the ties which used to connect these great bodies with the Church, the latter asserts itself as it used not to do in the willing devotion of the young men. If any doubt could exist upon this head it must have been removed by the series of able papers and speeches which made up the discussion in the Congress Hall, and in particular by the shrewd incisive wisdom of Canon KING and the brilliant thoughtfulness of Mr. WELLDON. By a justifiable innovation, two sittings were conceded on Friday to the burning question of the Ecclesiastical Courts as presented in the recent report of the Commission.

The Reading Church Congress has borne significant witness to the gradual, but now conspicuous, growth of those annual gatherings in reciprocal toleration and courtesy between the debaters, and in the general instinct of self-

restrained dignity among the attendants. We pity the Special Correspondents who used so merrily to muster at Church Congresses with the anticipation, not unfrequently gratified, of some spicy row, but who are now compelled to attune themselves to the grave spirit in which they would be expected to commemorate an ordination sermon or a statistical conference.

THE SUEZ CANAL.

IT must have struck every one who has considered the Egyptian question with even the smallest attention and knowledge that its importance and its difficulty are almost equally increased by the fact that it is in effect not one question, but several. No doubt this is often more or less the case in large political matters; but it is seldom the case so much as it is here. There are, in fact, putting minor considerations aside, three, if not four, separate and distinct questions, or groups of questions, in which the relation of England to Egypt is concerned. These questions, or groups of questions, do not necessarily grow out of each other, and two at least of them might have arisen independently of each other and of the third. The first hinges on the part which Egypt occupies from an English point of view in the general Eastern problem—the problem how to prevent the two great Mahomedan monarchies from going to pieces, and their fragments, when they do go to pieces, from being disposed of in a manner prejudicial to English interests. The second is the temporary and peculiar, but most complicated and difficult, position which England has created for herself by occupying Egypt and by pledging herself not to retire from it at least till a Government which has a chance of lasting and governing well is established. Thirdly, there is the purely commercial question, in virtue of which Egypt becomes a subject of the first interest to England as the locality of the Suez Canal—that is to say, as possessing the local control of the transit of a great and valuable portion of English trade. Egypt as the high road to India may be said to come partly under the first and partly under the third head, or to constitute a separate political problem. It is obviously not easy in practice even for clear heads to keep these questions apart, and yet they have intrinsically but little connexion with each other. And it is quite possible that undue attention to the one might injuriously affect the solution of the others. In the hands of the present Government it is not likely that the political importance of Egypt as a necessary link in the chain which assures England's Imperial position will be exaggerated. But there is considerable danger that the duty of England to provide Egypt with a brand-new self-acting autonomy may dwarf other considerations. The political question ought not either to obscure or to interfere with the commercial. But it is not certain that, in the decision on the subject of the Canal which was come to by the Associated Chambers of Commerce at Derby on Tuesday, the commercial aspect was not allowed in its turn decidedly to obscure the political.

In the discussion of the abortive CHILDERS-LESSEPS convention—a discussion which triumphantly demonstrated the inadmissibility of that unlucky bargain—great care was taken by some at least of its opponents not to condemn it as a whole. It was allowed in the most moderate, and perhaps not the least cogent, arguments against the proposal that the original lines of it were far from ill-chosen lines, and that the objections to it lay not so much in its main design as in its details, and, above all, in the gratuitous and preposterous acknowledgment of untenable claims with which Mr. GLADSTONE and his colleagues accompanied it. It was shown that the carrying out of the policy of the original purchase by yet further investment of English money was, on the whole, probably the best thing that could be done; that, supposing this investment to be made on the usual terms which secure to shareholders influence in management according to the capital invested, the just complaints of the English shipowners would disappear as a matter of course; that in this way the vexed question of monopoly would be completely and successfully turned, without any appearance of unhandsome conduct towards those who have undoubtedly borne the burden and heat of the day in the original enterprise. If the Government proposal was shown to be totally unacceptable, it was simply because it neglected

in the most unaccountable manner to secure a *quid pro quo*, not because it was in general conception erroneous. With the administration, army, and institutions of Egypt kept well under English influence, applied in a form as little aggressive as might be, and with the doubled or enlarged Canal passing in the ordinary course of business into English hands for the most part, the ends of Great Britain would have been secured in that part of the world without injustice to any one, and in a manner which would have left hardly any ground for complaint on the part of any foreign nation.

The alternative proposal of the shipowners, which has in a somewhat different form been revived at Derby, was far from presenting these advantages. Indeed, it is not too much to say that, if it were carried out, which is unlikely, it would probably prove the source rather of trouble and disaster than of advantage, unless England takes heart of grace and boldly annexes the country—a course violently opposed by the party at present dominant and presenting several inconveniences. The Chambers of Commerce had before them the proposal of Mr. PALMER, one of those Liberal members of Parliament who interposed in the matter of the agreement to save Mr. GLADSTONE from the consequences of his rashness. This recommended the internationalization of the work; but the mover strongly deprecated any idea of recognizing, even in the interim, the monopoly of M. DE LESSEPS. It would hardly be to the advantage of England that the Canal should be entrusted to any International Commission in time of peace, and it would certainly be to her disadvantage that it should be so entrusted in time of war. The project, in short, teems with the seeds of trouble. But in this respect it is scarcely worse than the proposal to which it had to give place, and by which it is suggested that a second canal should be made, in the management of which "British interests should be adequately represented." To do the mover of this, Mr. WILLS, of Bristol, justice, his proposition did not originally take this inept form, but ran that the new canal should be "controlled by" England. Here, at least, there would have been a certain solatium for the troublesome squabbles which would take place over the monopoly question, the probability of two canals competing at a commercial disadvantage, and the certainty of the original Canal being used as a pretext for interfering in Egyptian affairs by foreign nations. But in the accepted proposal the risk of all these inconveniences is to be run without the chance of counterbalancing advantage. We are to compete with the Canal which is half our own property already; we are to run the risks of litigation, initial and subsequent, and yet we are to admit in this second enterprise the clashing and (in the older sense) concurrence of interests which has been so troublesome in the first. The most adequate criticism of this proposal is to say that its political wisdom is about equal to the commercial intelligence of the defunct Government Convention. It is, indeed, difficult to see how any one can have voted for it who was not totally blind to anything but the pecuniary and other inconveniences of shipowners and merchants. It will scarcely be brought as an accusation against this *Review* that it has been indifferent to these inconveniences, which have been repeatedly and very recently urged in these columns. But while it is both necessary and just that such grievances should be redressed, it is important that they should be redressed in such a way as will at the same time redress the political inconvenience from which England suffers, or might suffer, owing to the fact of the waterway to India and Australia being in alien hands. This the plan of Mr. WILLS, in its amended shape, does not even pretend to do, unless the alteration from "control" to "adequate representation" is unmeaning. Moreover, this positive assertion of the necessity of a competing canal deprives England of the one weapon which, though blunted by the indiscreet conduct of Mr. GLADSTONE, yet remains in her hands against the monopolists. To go to M. DE LESSEPS and say, "Take us as managing partners in your new or your enlarged Canal on fair terms, or we will make another," is one thing; to say, "We shall make another anyhow, and we do not greatly care whether we manage it or not," is a very different thing. A less astute and a less obstinate person might well say, "Gentlemen, if you like to spend your money in spoiling your own property, and do not intend even to claim the control of the new venture, you are quite welcome to do so." The essence of the proposal of competition is that England should have at least as absolute control of the competing line as M. DE LESSEPS has of the present. And its great political

as distinguished from commercial value is that it would pretty certainly induce him to forego that control. The plan adopted by the Chambers of Commerce would be very unlikely to do this, and would in all probability be fruitful in international troubles of all kinds.

THE GOVERNMENT OF INDIA AND THE ILBERT BILL.

THE arrival of the entire reports on the proposed amendment of the Indian Criminal Procedure Code establishes more conclusively than ever the fact that Lord Ripon's appeal to official opinion has been answered by an emphatic and, to all practical purposes, unanimous expression of disapproval. It establishes, moreover, with painful distinctness, the want of candour which has for many months kept back from the public documents which formed the legitimate material for public opinion, and the gross effrontery of the misrepresentation by which those who are really among the severest critics of the Bill were described as approving it. Whether we look to the exhaustive and searching argument in which the Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal shows the grounds on which each of the several provisions of the Bill must be considered objectionable, or to the cautious and reluctant concessions by which the Governor of Madras and Sir Alfred Lyall in the North-Western Provinces endeavour to extricate the Government from its embarrassment, we find nothing but condemnation of the measure. The Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal condemns it altogether, Mr. Grant Duff suggests an essential curtailment in one direction, Sir A. Lyall in another, the Lieutenant-Governor of the Panjab in a third; all alike concur in admitting that the Bill as originally introduced is quite out of the question, and that the entire voice of the European community and a very important section of native opinion are hostile to the proposed legislation. All alike, too, admit—and indeed the statistics adduced by the Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal render any admission on the subject superfluous—that the plea of administrative necessity or convenience is wholly unsustainable. Nor does the other ground, on which the defence of the Bill was rested, fare better at their hands. The Viceroy and, more recently, Sir Evelyn Baring, apologized for the measure, as, although not immediately indispensable, yet prospectively expedient, as meeting a state of things with which we shall hereafter have to deal. The Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal shows how baseless any such apology is when the real facts of the case come to be known. The epoch in which a sixth of the Civil Service will consist of natives is not as yet within any measurable distance; and the very system under which natives are now admitted as Covenanted servants of the Crown is, Mr. Thompson considers, "at an early and experimental stage of its operation." Its very principle is not likely to pass without discussion, "because any system of nomination is objectionable, and, as against Europeans and Eurasians in India, one of the worst of anomalies, based purely on birth and race distinctions; it has not, and probably never will, justify the conclusion that the men so selected and admitted to a great service will be competent for other than subordinate positions in it." This is the Lieutenant-Governor's view of the statutory civilians; and his opinion is shared by all the most experienced of his subordinates. And it is for the future of this class, the very principle of whose selection is still open to question, and of whose practical fitness there is at present literally no experience, that Lord Ripon deems it necessary, politic, and statesmanlike to legislate out of hand, at the price of provoking the most dangerous outburst of race feeling that the Indian Government has ever witnessed. Upon this point his warmest ally, Mr. Grant Duff, pronounces a condemnation which is not the less emphatic for the reticence which, naturally in the circumstances, characterizes it throughout. "This is not," he says, "a country in which it is wise to take very long views. Let us make those changes, based on our experience here and elsewhere, which we feel persuaded will produce pretty soon good effects, and let us give all reasonable satisfaction to the reasonable wishes of our people, as brought before us by their authoritative spokesmen; but let us not be led to move at all quicker than we otherwise should with a view to anticipate demands which may some day be made, and which it will be for our successors to grant or refuse."

These excellent counsels, coming from so friendly a quarter, ought to shake Lord Ripon's confidence—if, indeed, the experience of the last six months has not already shattered it—in the wisdom of prospectively dealing with a state of things which certainly will not come into existence till several years hence, and which will then be more safely met by measures based on actual experience than by the hazardous conjectures which are alone possible at present. How completely conjectural any arrangements now made must be, the Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal's masterly exposition of the case has shown with an almost cruel distinctness. The whole fabric of the Bill tumbles to pieces as his searching examination of each detail brings to light the fatal defects of the proposed machinery. The proposal to invest native cantonment magistrates with the new jurisdiction was one of the earliest jettisons by which it was hoped that the rest of the endangered cargo might be saved. But Mr. Thompson points out that the exemption of soldiers from a native tribunal to which civilians are subject is itself an indefensible anomaly, which the non-military classes may naturally resent, and which frustrates

the pretended motive of the Bill—namely, the removal of all race distinctions in the matter of jurisdiction. Equally inadmissible is the proposal to invest Assistant Commissioners in Non-Regulation Provinces with the new jurisdiction. "It frequently happens," says Mr. Thompson, "that an Assistant Commissioner is a native in no respect different from the deputy magistrates in a Regulation Province, but with a tinge of the experience which the older deputy magistrates possess in the administration of the criminal law." The reasons which justify the exclusion of the one apply with still greater cogency to the other. Still more unanswerable are the objections to the investment of the officials known as statutory civilians—i.e. natives nominated at the pleasure of the Government under an English statute. Mr. Thompson, speaking with practical knowledge, disposes at a stroke of the ingenious sophistry with which Mr. Hunter and other apologists for the Bill have endeavoured to place these officers in the same position as those who, by passing the competitive examination in England, have fairly won their way to official employment. They are often chosen, he says, with reference more to their social position than to any other qualification. "They come from the same classes as those from which the Uncovenanted Service is recruited. They have the same race feelings as those of their brethren of the latter service, and, save that they are not so experienced or so hard-working, there is no difference, as regards race qualification or disqualification, between a deputy magistrate and a number of the Native Civil Service under the statute 33 Vic. c. 3." Native as well as European testimony declares that there is "an essential difference" between the competitive civilians and the statutory nominees; but it is on their essential identity that Dr. Hunter and those whose policy he has espoused are constrained to rest their case.

Supposing, however, the Bill to be restricted to the narrowest possible limits—viz. the bestowal of jurisdiction on such competitive civilians as are magistrates of the district—even here the Lieutenant-Governor sees grave objections to the proposed change. In the first place, it is practically useless, because, as a fact, the European magistrate of the district never does himself exercise the jurisdiction which it is now proposed to confer on his native counterpart. "It may be asserted, without fear of contradiction, that from the beginning of the year to the end a magistrate of the district rarely, if ever, thinks of dealing with criminal cases." He is employed with other and still more responsible duties, and it is to the "joint magistrate" that the trial of criminal cases would naturally fall. Hence, in the Lieutenant-Governor's opinion, "the argument based on administrative necessity is utterly untenable in the present constitution of the Civil Service." The two native gentlemen for whom provision has forthwith to be made as magistrates of the district can perfectly, so Mr. Thompson assures the Government, be accommodated among the forty-five districts of Bengal, without detriment either to the public service or to their personal interests.

It may well be matter of surprise that the Government of India should, in the face of so weighty a protest, have persevered in a measure which all its most authoritative advisers concurred in condemning. Nor is that surprise diminished by a consideration of the apologies which several distinguished supporters of the Government have put forward on its behalf. Among these that of Sir Evelyn Baring, in the last number of the *Nineteenth Century*, is, on every account, the most noticeable. No one knows the secret history of the measure better, or is more familiar with every argument that can be urged on its behalf. Sir E. Baring, however, contents himself with the safe, but unconstructive, observation that nothing can be added to the arguments already adduced in support of the measure, and devotes his essay to topics as to which the task of defence is less desperate than in the present instance. Mr. Hunter's letter, again, to the *Times* will, we are sure, be read with profound disappointment by those who imagined that there must be in the background some arguments more forcible than those hitherto employed, and some answer, at any rate, to the objections which the High Court of Bengal and other authoritative opponents of the Bill have urged against it. No such argument, and assuredly no such answer, will be found in the well-turned periods in which Mr. Hunter endeavours to gloss over the greatest and most discreditable administrative blunder of modern times. His apology is on the face of it the daring effort of a partisan to conceal or minimize a disaster. He entirely ignores Mr. Thompson's explicit assurance that no administrative inconvenience has been, or is likely within any measurable period to be, occasioned by the existing rule. He boldly contradicts the Lieutenant-Governor and the entire body of Bengal officials as to the character and position of the statutory civilians—a point on which it is in the nature of the case impossible that he should have the least experience. His main topic of defence, however, is one which proves nothing but the desperate character of the cause in which it could be adduced. Serious argument would be wasted on the contention that in some mysterious manner or other the Queen's Proclamation, issued in 1858, necessitates, at the present moment, the immediate passing of a measure which had certainly never occurred to the mind of anyone of those who framed or issued that Proclamation, and which no one till within the last few months has ever supposed to be in any sort of manner connected with it. No human being has the slightest wish to discountenance the generous policy which that Proclamation inaugurated or to exclude the natives of India from any post of honour or emolument which they may be considered qualified to fill. The question is not of exclusion from any post

whatever, but of the advisability of entrusting them, when in certain posts, with powers which they have never hitherto exercised, and which an overwhelming consensus of official opinion pronounces that they are not now competent to exercise with advantage to themselves or the public. The rhetorical contention that the submission of the natives was purchased by any promise which the Government of India is now about to fulfil is too flimsy to bear the gentlest handling. Mr. Hunter wields a ready and graceful pen and is no mean master of dialectic. We confess that we regret to see him devoting his brilliant powers to the defence of a measure which is now shown to have been conceived in haste, rashness, and ignorance, for which an inquiry lasting over many months has failed to adduce a single practical argument, and which is denounced by authorities as calm, reasonable, and experienced as the Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal as unnecessary, unjustifiable, and prejudicial to the best interests alike of native and European.

HOUSE-BUILDING IN THE EAST.

IN England house-building is a matter on which, in spite of "jerry" builders, one can look with comparative equanimity. In Indo-China it is a very different affair. Everything that is a source of trouble in the West disappears in those comfortable latitudes. A site can be found practically anywhere. The jungle furnishes, for the trouble of cutting it, as much material as may be required. Comparatively so little skill is wanted to start as an architect that every man can be his own house-builder, and, if he is tolerably diligent and not too ambitious, might finish his house in a few days. But, as a set-off to all these advantages, it is a very difficult matter to raise up a house which is not rendered dangerous or ineligible by the nature of the soil, the idiosyncrasies of the surrounding spirits, or the revolutionary character of the timber used. Building houses is therefore a very critical operation, and not to be undertaken without very considerable Sabaistic lore and an intimate acquaintance with all the animistic peculiarities of the neighbourhood. Otherwise the house-builder simply courts disaster, and may involve not only his own family, as well as himself, in overwhelming difficulties, but may actually render a whole district uninhabitable by his unwarrantable irritation of the spirits dwelling in the soil, in the air, and in the very logs of timber which are recklessly used, or are put up with an improper exposure to the south instead of to the north, or set in position at a time of year when presiding demons hold that such things ought not to be done. It is, however, a necessity, even of Indo-Chinese existence, that mankind should have houses to live in. For the instruction, therefore, of those who are forced by necessity, or are foolhardy enough to believe that they can build themselves houses without coming to any particular harm, there are elaborate text-books, both in Burmese and Siamese. The Burman Dehtton is a bulky treatise, containing a farrago of omens and signs with regard to all possible events and circumstances, and not merely to the process of building. The Siamese Tamra, or Manual of House-Building, is considerably more systematic, and, in addition, possesses the advantage that it sticks to the subject of which it professes to treat. The theories in both works are based on and elaborated from the Shastras which record the customs of the Brahmins. Notwithstanding their Buddhism, which prohibits all such beliefs, the Indo-Chinese have a very strong regard for the Brahminical observances. They are much easier to comprehend, or at any rate more fitted to seize on the imagination, than the abstruse problems of the faith of the Buddha. Buddhist metaphysical positions are fine things to confound hostile controversialists with, but the common Indo-Chinese mind yearns for something more concrete. The house-building code is therefore a very popular institution. It persuades a man that he is pious when he has an internal conviction that he ought to be damned.

The first thing the would-be house-builder has to do is to find out the situation of the great dragon that encircles the earth with his body, like the Midgard serpent of Northern mythology. This must be ascertained before operations are begun at all, for it will have a great influence, not only on the time of beginning the building, but on the way in which the foundations must be dug and the method of hoisting the posts into position. This the Burmese have recorded for them in a rhyme which every schoolboy can repeat. The Siamese are not less alive to the necessity of accurate information on the subject, and it is fully set out in the Tamra. The reason of this is that when you come to dig the hole for the main post of the house you must heap up the earth on the side towards the Nagah's belly. Terrible consequences follow if you do not observe this preliminary precaution. If you should pile up your mound in the direction of the head of the dragon, your negligence or ignorance will involve the death of your parents, your brothers, and the patrons of your house. To be without a patron in Siam or Cambodia is to get your name put down on the list of royal slaves. Insulting the dragon's tail is even more calamitous, for the tail is a most touchy member, and would as soon create an earthquake and ruin the whole township as not. The reckless builder who did such a thing would therefore be stoned out of the community as a public enemy. Touching the dragon's back is simple *lèse-majesté*. The lord of the house will soon find out his crime, but the knowledge will come too late. He will die. The belly is the

only safe part. If you choose that quarter towards which to heap up your earth, then, subject to a number of other precautions to be mentioned, you are comparatively safe. It is to be observed, however, that you have only three months to do your digging in. The Nagah, for all that he is so testy, sleeps during that period, or rather it is the disturbing him in his sleep that causes all the mischief. When the quarter year has passed he rouses himself, and shifts round to the next point of the compass, and there, like the Norway kraken, composes himself to sleep again. Digging operations must then be conducted according to the new rules. Still, the time allowed is not unreasonable. Even an average Indo-Chinese can dig a hole for a house-post in three months. When you have settled generally how you ought to dig, there are a number of special rules to be observed in the digging itself. It will never do to go blindly ahead, for all the world as if you were a navvy on piecework. In the first place it is well to dig at large all over the space your house is intended to cover. In fact, if you have any regard for yourself you certainly will. There are divers reasons for this. If you find costly articles, silver or gold, or the images of men and deities, it is a most happy sign, and will go far to counteract all but wilful remissness in other matters. On the other hand, when bones or ashes or the figures of wild animals are found, the deductions are most unpropitious, and if you persist in going on the house will have neither luck nor peace. If the remains of previous house-posts are found still lying buried in the ground, they must be carefully dug out and carried away, for if this were not done, and a new building were to be run up over the old remains, sickness and quarrellings would be the certain result.

In addition to such elementary rules, which are matters of universal knowledge in Indo-China, there are so many others that every one but a very self-sufficient person will submit his surface soil to the inspection of a regular professional man, an expert in the science of foundation-digging, before he makes a final decision. For example, though it is undoubtedly most lucky to find silver or old bricks in your excavations, you may at the same time come upon a colony of ants or other living creatures settled upon the spot. It is one of the fundamental rules of Buddhism that the breath of no living thing is to be taken, and to dispossess them is not by any means a creditable proceeding. Moreover, irrespectively of this objection, ants can bite through even sun-toughened skins, so that there is a direct personal argument to support the sentimental objection. Then, again, you may find lead in your soil-turning. There is not the smallest hesitation in the books on a question like this. If you go on and build you will lose slaves and goods. But, for all the lead that is there, the turned-up earth may smell of beans, or may have the fragrance of the sacred lotos itself. This is a most happy omen. The dwellers in a house raised on such land will be most fortunate, and the soil round about is the best possible for cultivation. In such a dilemma there is nothing for it but to call in a Sayah and pay him to work out the problem, to make a resolution of forces for you. There are certain amateur ways of arriving at a conclusion by means of split bamboos and heaps of paddy, but they are apt to be fallacious and afford no real satisfaction to a well-constituted mind. It is not surprising to be told that sand is not a good foundation on which to raise a house, or that a soil which is mainly composed of small stones is undesirable; but when it comes to the slope of the ground, or the friability or stiffness of the earth, none but a thoroughly reckless man will trust to his own unaided intelligence.

At any rate, whether you get the advice of an expert or not, it is imperative that you should carefully turn over all the ground where the new building is to be. Having done this, it is a matter of reasonable precaution to make offerings to the earth-spirit. Acquaintance with this Phra Phum and his belongings is no light matter, and is likely to be as good as an annuity to the man who has mastered the details. As he is an earthy spirit he is especially liable to mortal failings, and notably possesses a very short temper, which will brook no deficiency in reverence. It will not do to be ignorant of the names of his father and mother and of his nine children. Forgetfulness of his possessions is equally likely to cause trouble. There must be no hesitation as to the proper titles of his house and the tower on it, his cattle-shed, his granary, his bridal chamber, his threshing-floor, his lands, his garden, his monastery, and his three chief servants. Remissness in any one of these particulars is apt to make an offering dangerous rather than otherwise. This offering, by whomsoever brought, must be set down at the extremity of the toes of the Phra, who thereupon graciously takes up his broom and sweeps the place clean, and gives the pious votary his blessing. If an ignorant or presumptuous man should place his gifts near the head, the earth-spirit would curse him with terrible imprecations, and brush everything away, worshipper and all. Negotiations with this deity are therefore rather ticklish work, but it is perilous to leave them undone. The site being settled, and things made right with the guardian spirit of the earth, the next thing to be done is to dig holes for the reception of the posts. It is necessary to begin with that for the chief post, and the hole for this must not be dug square, but in the form of a triangle. This may imply more work, but that cannot be helped. When the hole for the main post is finished, go on with the others, but be sure to do it in regular order, working round in circles from right to left, so as to follow the line of the dragon's body from head to tail. When it comes to the hoisting of the posts into position, the face must throughout be turned towards the back of the Nagah, a little inclining towards the tail, and the post must be heaved up

towards this point of the compass. Thus in the first three months of the year you must face W.S.W., and haul up the beam from the north-east, and so on for the other quarters. It is also necessary to be very careful in the selection of the timber for the house. Trees especially to be avoided are those which have no flowers, those which have no leaves, trees which grow on ant-hills, trees with birds' nests on them, and those from which the bark has been torn off from whatever cause. Unhappily these distinctions are not obvious in timber which you have not cut yourself, and rascally Chinese carpenters will not hesitate to palm off upon the unwary wood from a tree on which scores of egrets—the Byeing, or sacred paddy-bird of the Talaings—have nested. Chinamen in their way are nearly as unscrupulous as Manchester piece-goods manufacturers, and have as little regard for the comfort and ultimate opinion of their customers. The beams for the house must all be measured with the standard of your own hand. This, however, is a detail which hardly needs to be strongly urged in a country where the three-foot rule is unknown. After you have got the posts up, the surface of the ground must be smoothed down, and then the posts are decorated with little bags of shells, coins, husked rice, and the like. These must be hung up by the hands of a maiden, and not by any rude male. The heads of the posts are also covered over with cloth, for the safe keeping of the guardian spirit of the house. It would be neither seemly nor safe to leave him exposed to the elements. The final ramming in of the posts is done at an hour fixed by the astrologers, the culminating point of some happy constellation. There is much shouting and feasting on the occasion.

With the foundation of his house settled satisfactorily, the sensibilities of the great world-dragon and the guardian spirit of the earth soothed and conciliated, and the house-posts raised and decorated with proper profusion, the house-builder may consider himself past all his troubles. If anything has been done wrong, it is now too late to repair the error. If everything has been carried out in seemly and orderly fashion, he may deem himself particularly fortunate. The putting on of the roof and the fitting up of the plank or split bamboo matting walls is a simple matter, and may be done according to the light of nature and with what dilatoriness and adornments the builder pleases, so long as he does not depart from the mundane laws of use and wont and infringe upon the sumptuary regulations. That is even a greater offence than flouting the great Nakh, or setting up posts in defiance of the angel of the soil. It certainly meets with swifter and more obvious, if not more exemplary, punishment. "There are two chances in the stare of a demon," says the Burmese proverb, "there is none in that of a king." One formality, indeed, remains, which is often omitted, it is true, but which no man of well-ordered mind should fail to observe. It relates to the setting up of the stair, or rather ladder, by which the house is entered, all the dwellings in Indo-China being raised off the ground on piles. If this stair is turned to the south, let a cat be the first living creature to ascend. If you manage this, then you will always have abundance in your house. The difficulty is to make the cat see the matter in the same light. If your steps face the west the question is simpler. All you have to do is to take some iron in your hand along with a few lotus leaves and a wisp of kane, or elephant grass. Everything you attempt will thereafter come easy to you. A cock should crow at the top to inaugurate the stair ascending on the north side of the house. This also is a matter likely to keep you out of your dwelling for a long time if you persist in waiting for it. Stairs never ascend from the east, for the same reason that no Buddhist should sleep with his feet pointing to that quarter. It was from the east that the Lord Buddha came, and it would be scandalous to show to that quarter a disrespect that would entail severe punishment if it were exhibited towards the king or a great man. It will hardly be necessary to mention that there is only one set of stairs and one entrance to the house, if built according to the national model.

It will thus be seen that though a wooden house or a walled hut does not seem to imply much expenditure of time, labour, or capital in its construction, yet, in reality, what with the perplexing rules to be attended to, the dangers to be avoided, and the spirits to be propitiated, the Eastern house-builder has emphatically a hard time of it, and is not to be envied by Westerners who have no greater grievances than damp walls, defective drainage, perpetual draughts, and chimneys that will not draw.

THE GENERAL OF THE JESUITS.

WE know not how many of our readers may have chanced to notice among Reuter's telegrams in the *Times* of last Friday week, a short paragraph announcing the election of a new Vicar-General of the Jesuits, as coadjutor with right of succession to the aged Father Beckx, who has held the office of General for above thirty years, and is now 88. The telegram added that the election took place after a warm contest, and that the name of the successful candidate would be kept secret till the Papal sanction for his appointment had been obtained. This has now been done, and it is stated that the new Vicar-General's name is Anderledy, and that he is a Swiss. Of Father Anderledy personally, or of his qualifications for the great office to which he has been appointed, we know nothing, except that he is said to be a special favourite of the present General, nor is it any part of our intention to dis-

cuss that part of the question. But it is worth noting that in former days the election of "the Black Pope," as he has often been styled, was a matter of hardly less interest to Europe, or at least to Catholic Europe, than the election of "the White Pope" who ruled in the Vatican; and if neither potentate enjoys in our own day quite the same influence as he did two or three centuries ago, it would be a serious mistake to imagine that the Jesuits are no longer a force to be reckoned with in the modern world. There has no doubt been much of exaggeration, and still more of prejudice, alike in the passionate enthusiasm and in the fierce hatred they have excited in various quarters, the hatred being by no means exclusively confined to those outside the Roman pale. They are neither the angels nor the devils they have sometimes been depicted, nor do they possess that ubiquitous and almost omniscient capacity of action which might be inferred from Eugène Sue. They have exhibited in the course of their eventful history high excellences and very grave faults, so much so that it has been said of them with at least plausible reason, *ubi bene nihil melius, ubi male nihil pejus*. It is not however of the merits or demerits of the Order as such that we are here about to speak, but of the distinctive character of its constitution, at once expressing and fostering in perpetuity the peculiar spirit impressed on it by its founder, of whom it has been justly observed that "he legislated at once in the spirit of his early and of his later profession—as a soldier and as a spiritual champion of the Church of Rome." He designed his Order in fact to be the embodiment of the idea subsequently formulated by De Maistre, that "nothing accords so well with the religious as the military spirit." And hence from the first its whole conception and aim was essentially Spanish and essentially despotic. The first three Generals, who with the fifth—the fourth, Eberhard Mercurianus, was a nonentity—made it what it has been ever since, were Spaniards, and of the twenty-five members of the first General Congregation eighteen were Spaniards, so that, as Ranke points out, "the government of the Company fell, during the first ten years, almost entirely into the hands of Spaniards." The three immediate successors of Ignatius, with the omission of Mercurianus, were Laynez, St. Francis Borgia, and Acquaviva. Laynez was an accomplished theologian, and had been specially selected with Salmeron, another Jesuit, to represent the Papacy at the Council of Trent. To him the Order owes that Molinist, as opposed to the Thomist or Predestinarian, system of theology which it has always consistently maintained. The special object of Borgia, the third General, was to promote the cause of education and to place in the hands of the Society the control of that mighty engine to which it owes so much of the vast influence it exercised for centuries throughout Catholic Europe, and his success was complete; "he lived," to cite the words of Sir James Stephen, "to see the establishment in almost every State of colleges formed on the model of that which he had himself formed in the town of Gandia." The fifth in order, but virtually the fourth General, Acquaviva, was a Neapolitan, and his work was to develop and consolidate, in close accord no doubt with the spirit and original intention of Ignatius, that rigid centralized system of military despotism, of which the keystone is found in the autocracy of the General. It is this autocratic discipline, at once military and Spanish—which by the way has been parodied, perhaps unconsciously, in our own day, *magnis componere parva*, by "General" Booth—which really distinguishes the Jesuit from all other Orders or communities in the Church, whether earlier or later, and goes far to account both for the admiration it has elicited and the enmities it has provoked. It is this again which avowedly leads a living German writer, himself a zealous convert to Rome, to declare that, while he highly respects those Jesuit fathers with whom he is acquainted, and recognizes the services rendered by their Order to the Church, he is convinced that their peculiar spirit, which is essentially absolutist, "the most powerful and genuine incorporation of Ultramontanism," unfits them for the life of modern States, especially in his own country. All religious Orders, of course, have the threefold vow of chastity, poverty, and obedience, but the obligation of obedience is expanded and enforced in the Jesuit system to an extent which finds no parallel elsewhere. We may introduce what we have to say on the subject by a brief sketch of the career of the fifth General, Acquaviva.

This remarkable man was elected General in 1581 at the early age of thirty-eight, and held the post for thirty-four years, till his death in 1615. Sir J. Stephen calls him "one of the most memorable rulers and lawgivers of his age." Ranke says that he "concealed beneath great external mildness and amenity of manners a profound inflexibility, a character distinguished for deliberateness, moderation, prudence, and taciturnity." He succeeded at all events in impressing his mark permanently on the most characteristic features of the great institute he ruled and helped to mould. He was indeed, as Mr. Cartwright insists, "endowed with the very qualities calculated to spread and assert with noiseless firmness the grip of absolute authority." Yet, as being virtually—for his immediate predecessor hardly counts—the first General not a Spaniard, he had peculiar difficulties to contend with. His subtle policy in quietly filling all posts of importance with creatures of his own provoked at once the jealousy of the Spanish Government and the pride of the Spanish fathers, who found a mouthpiece in Mariana—one of the ablest and most outspoken writers the Order has ever produced—when he declared that an unlimited monarchy would involve its downfall. The united influence of the Spanish Government and the Pope, Clement VIII., was brought to bear upon him to compel him to summon a General Congregation; he yielded with apparent docility, but contrived to

exclude all prominent opponents of his own from the Congregation and so entirely to neutralize all efforts at reform that the result was an approval and confirmation of his own authority. A memorial was then presented to the Pope signed by many Jesuit fathers and invoking his interposition on six points, all tending to limit the absolute power of the General, and Mariana supported it in a treatise on "the Evils affecting the Society." After some years a General Congregation had to be again convoked—in 1608—and again Acquaviva found means to more than neutralize its adverse influence. He had secretly procured a Brief from Paul V. "forbidding the discussion of anything relating to regulations in the original rules of Ignatius," and therefore the proposals for limiting his own authority could not even be entertained at all. An account of the affair is given by Contarini, the Venetian ambassador at Rome, in confidential reports to his own Government, and he states, as the final upshot of the whole business, that "the General, who is a person of great capacity and has known how to weather other storms, contrived to guide himself well through this one, and has come out triumphant with even greater authority than ever." The autocratic power of the General was in fact confirmed and enlarged by the publication of the Brief which Acquaviva had managed to obtain from Paul V., and a constitution limiting it in some respects issued forty years afterwards by Innocent X. was solemnly revoked by his immediate successor, Alexander VII., as contravening the intention of St. Ignatius, and this revocation has been confirmed by two subsequent Popes, Clement IX. and Benedict XIV. The government of the Society therefore remains to this day as Acquaviva left it; in other words it is to all intents and purposes vested solely in the hands of the General, as a very slight examination of the existing constitution will suffice to prove.

The faculties vested in the hands of the General have no parallel in their range elsewhere, and even enable him in certain contingencies to guard the Order against the encroachments of an unfriendly Pope. It is true that he is himself placed under a kind of perpetual supervision and surrounded by persons imposed on him by the Society of whose presence he cannot divest himself, but in one case only of very rare occurrence—as will presently appear—does this curious arrangement act as a practical check on his autocratic power. The officers of the Society are his nominees and creatures, and he has the absolute power of expulsion of every member, without—as is expressly provided by a Brief of Gregory XIV. issued in 1591—being bound to hold any previous investigation or inquiry. The Rectors and Superiors of all houses in Europe have to make a written report every week to their Provincial, and the Provincials present a monthly report to the General, while, as a further precaution, the Superiors and Masters of Novices themselves have to report directly to the General every three months. He is appointed for life and is not at liberty to abdicate, though in certain cases he may be suspended or deposed. But so long as he is content to exercise his vast prerogatives in furtherance of the characteristic aims and policy of the Order—and we are only aware of one conspicuous example of any opposite tendency—he is an autocrat. No doubt there are some regulations which seem at first sight and in the letter to restrict his authority, but then he is invested with an almost unlimited power of dispensation, and it is noteworthy that a Jesuit father makes his solemn profession "to the Almighty God, in sight of the Virgin Mother, and to the General of the Society standing in the place of God." We have said that there is one only case where his authority can be successfully resisted, and that is where it is used in a direction other than absolutist and ultramontane, where in short he is held to be unfaithful to the peculiar spirit and traditions of the Society; a liberal General, even though backed up by a liberal Pope, may find the resistance of his subjects too strong for him. The critical instance of such a conflict occurred in the Generalship of Gonzalez under the Papacy of Innocent XI. Innocent, as it is well known, was anxious to do justice to the Portroyalists, and issued a Bull condemning 65 "Probabilist" theses of their Jesuit assailants. Gonzalez had written a treatise against Probabilism, which the General, Oliva, to whom it was submitted in accordance with the rules of the Order, forbade him to publish, though it had been read in manuscript by the Pope, who after full examination issued a decree approving it. But when a vacancy occurred Innocent exerted his influence to procure the election of Gonzalez to the Generalship, with the express purpose, as he told him, of rescuing the Society from the abyss into which it was falling through the adoption of the lax Probabilist system of morality. Gonzalez was elected, but he encountered at every point the most stubborn resistance in his own Order, whose organization proved strong enough to render futile the action of a General not wholly in harmony with its established spirit. The Pope remonstrated, but with little practical effect. Meanwhile Gonzalez composed a fresh treatise against Probabilism, but the Father Assistants drew up a formal protest against its publication. This was nothing short of a rebellious demonstration, for the sanction of all publications by members of the Society is vested absolutely in the General, but Gonzalez felt it necessary to temporize, and the publication was deferred. Meanwhile, at the next meeting of Procurators of the Society, an attempt was made to get rid of the General altogether, which was overruled by the Pope, but the Order continued persistently mutinous during the remainder of his life. There is still extant a memorial of his addresses to Clement XI. "at the very verge of life, and when expecting death at every moment," which records in touching language

the insuperable hostility he had to encounter throughout, and sufficiently testifies how inadequate is the combined influence of a General and a Pope to extirpate or reform the characteristic spirit ingrained into the very fibres and lifeblood of the Society. In such a case only, where it is exerted in a liberal sense, does the authority of the General cease to be absolute. The Jesuits retaliated on Innocent XI. by supporting Gallicanism, and even had a hand in drawing up the declaration of Gallican liberties. The "pretorians of the Papacy," as they have been called, like the old pretorians, are impatient of a master who does not conform to their ideal. But the rivalry of the Black Pope and the White is too large a theme to enter upon here.

THE MODERN SCHOOLBOY.

IN the apocrypha of one of our Universities it is written that an undergraduate once replied to a question concerning Esau that he was a Hebrew who wrote fables and sold the copyright for a mass of potash. The ingenious descendant of Æsop who constructed the above admirable little fable erred, like Mr. Shapira, on the question of age. He should have made his hero thirteen years old, and not twenty; and then all who know anything of the effects of our modern system of cram on the mind of the average British schoolboy would have accepted the anecdote as authentic. In the times of Hilpah and Shalum the present curriculum of our private schools would no doubt have been excellently calculated to meet the wants of an adolescence extending over a century or so; but the school-days of middle-class youth begin now, as a rule, at nine or ten years of age and end at sixteen or seventeen, and the attempt to compress into those few years the acquirement of four or five languages, dead and living, together with a respectable proficiency in mathematics, both pure and mixed, and a smattering of science is scarcely calculated to remove the reproach which Mr. Matthew Arnold lately addressed to us as a nation on the score of lucidity. Probably every school has its mental ostriches, who can digest whatever amount of information they are crammed with; but the schoolboy of the Dick Bultitude type (and there are many thousands of Dick Bultitudes among English schoolboys) generally finds himself, after a year or two at a private school, in unconscious agreement with Socrates that "nothing can be known." It is his habit accordingly, as his unfortunate instructors are painfully aware, to substitute for the effort to learn an attempt to guess; and the results he arrives at are often irresistibly suggestive of mental processes analogous to those pursued by the personage who read up in the *Encyclopædia* the article "China" and the article "Metaphysics," and combined the information thus acquired. The youthful philologist who defined "customs' duty" as "a usual or common duty" had probably never heard of this personage, but unconsciously to himself he was a disciple of the same school. There is a suggestion, too, of a similar habit of thought in the boy who replied, when asked for the meaning of the word character, that "character means the life or biography of a person, which cannot be seen, but only heard of when a situation is required," and something more than a suggestion in the genius who stated, in answer to a question intended to draw from him the history of St. Philip and the Eunuch, that "Philip was a king of Macedonia, who was at first a heathen, but afterwards was converted to Christianity and baptized by Enoch."

But the model on whom the British schoolboy most frequently forms himself is unquestionably Mrs. Malaprop. The excellent old lady herself might have envied him "the nice derangement of his epitaphs." He has been known to define a satire as "a poem containing a severe census," and to characterize Molière as a "chronic poet" and the elephant as "a very voracious animal." To the despair of his preceptors, he will refer in all simplicity of soul to the work of the Apostles in "healing the deceased"; and not many months ago there was brought under the notice of an examiner at a large school in the East of England a short narrative of the events of 1588, which ended with the remarkable words, "Nothing more was seen of the Spanish fleet. Hence it has ever since been known as the Invisible Armada, Armada meaning a fleet of ships." One is inclined to conjecture that it must have been this last ingenuous youth who referred to the Israelites during their desert wanderings as being "fed in the manner of angels," and "guided by day by a pillow of clouds and at night by a pillow of fire."

In one respect Mrs. Malaprop could not hold a candle to our schoolboy. Admirable as she was when she dealt with words, she sank at once into the commonplace on entering the region of facts, and even when she spoke of an "allegory" was content to place it "on the banks of Nile." But the British schoolboy, by whatever name he called his saurian, would have scorned such a habitat for the brute. He might have housed it in the Pyramids, or represented it as disputing with the lion the supremacy of the desert; but those who know him best are best aware that neither as crocodile nor alligator would he for a moment have thought of permitting the beast to lurk in the mud of either Nile or Mississippi. He is never so remote from all possibility of being right as when his guesses shift from words to facts. Now, as existing methods of education consist largely of attempts to cram the youthful mind with facts and data—the hardest of facts and baldest of data—it would speedily result, were that mind capable of assimilating the crude masses of food offered to it, that society would be horrified

by the apparition (at Christmas and Midsummer) of a brood of young monsters. Happily the dispositions of nine in every ten of our British youth save them from this fate. There is nothing the average schoolboy is in less danger of than of becoming a text-book in knickerbockers. The pitiless shower of facts that his instructors pour upon him may confuse his mind, but they do not dwell there. His dismisses all thought of them as soon as he has exchanged the school-room for the cricket-field; and it is only as examination time draws near that he begins to make some uncertain and desultory efforts to recall whether it is London or Oxford University that tradition credits King Alfred with having founded, and whether the confusion of tongues took place at Bethel or at Babel. It is to be feared that he seldom succeeds in satisfying himself on these or other points; and the ingenious hypotheses on which he ventures when the sheet of examination questions is actually before him generally fall very far short indeed of affording satisfaction to his examiners. Treated as he is apt to treat them, facts are never hard or dry. A harmless, simply-worded question concerning the delta of the Nile has been known to extract from him the information that "It is that part where the river falls into its own mouth"; and he has proved capable of citing, as one of the most remarkable of ancient Egyptian customs, that "as soon as a child was born it was immediately thrown into the Nile." He has declared guano to be a fruit from Brazil, and macaroni a kind of small fish sold in Spain. At one time he has achieved distinction for himself by declaring a monsoon to be "a very contrary wind, which blows twelve months in one direction and then twelve months in another"; and again by characterizing a delta as "a kind of swamp, formed after avalanches have fallen from mountains and the sun has melted them." It does not matter whether he is dealing with history or geography, with dead languages or living, with Scripture or science. There is always room for him to blunder, and, outside the domains of arithmetic, to be amusing. He has been known to define a postulate as "an untruth assumed," and to refer to matrimony as "essentially necessary to salvation." When asked how the Good Parliament earned its name, he has replied that it was "because the Parliament were silent"—a view that may be pardoned him in consideration of the events of recent Sessions; and he has inferred popular representation in Parliament to mean, "when they are there sitting for some time, without doing anything that the public in general hear of." He has been found capable of assuming the curse pronounced against Adam to be, "In the event of thy brow thou shalt eat thy bread, for out of it wast thou taken, and unto it thou shalt return"; and on another occasion of perplexing his examiners with the no less extraordinary version, "Thou shalt eat ashes all the days of thy life." Equally startling is his theory of the doom denounced against the serpent, "In the sweat of thy face thou shalt eat dust, until thou return unto the ground."

Some of the very happiest of his hits have been forthcoming under the pressure of linguistic tests. Thus we find him offering as a rendering of "Nigros oculos habent pueri," "Neither of the boys have eyes," and assuming the English of "Plus ibi boni mores valent quam alibi bonæ leges" to be "Rather good-bye good manners than good-bye good laws." He has not been ashamed to construe "C. J. Cesar anno sexto decimo vitæ patrem amisit" as "C. J. Cesar loved the Father of Life thirty-six years," or to translate "Notre effroi augmente en voyant le monstre de près," "Our argument ended in saying the monster had taken too much." Nor has his ingenuity failed him in the least when his own language has been in question. It has been his fortune to offer as illustrations of the correct employment of the word synthesis such sentences as "The Synthesis of England and Scotland took place in the year 1707," and "The synthesis of the whelk is observable for its symmetry." He has displayed an audacity no less happy in his use of the word mellifluous; speaking of the bee as "a mellifluous insect," and describing a garden as "swarming with mellifluous insects." It was probably an abuse of the Latin dictionary that misled him into giving the meaning of insulting as "jumping at a person with words," but his own unassisted genius must have guided him to the happy conclusion that he arrived at when he distinguished between "perspire" and "sweat," as "a polite and unpolite word, both meaning hot." Nothing could be better in its way than his definition of "proud," "To think oneself everybody"; or of "rude," "Anybody who calls another names in the street."

No feature of his many-sided genius is more remarkable than the ingenuity and success with which, when called on to paraphrase passages from English poets, he labours to deprive the author committed to his mercies of every shred of sense and meaning. Thus, he has been known to represent Lear as calling on the thunder to burn his white hairs, and Cordelia as declaring that her love is more ponderous than her tongue. But the most astounding paraphrase we can remember him ever to have perpetrated was his version of the well-known couplet in the *Deserted Village* :—

A time there was, ere England's griefs began,
When every rood of ground maintained its man.

It is incredible, but nevertheless true, that he explained this to mean, "That there was a time, before England was burdened with her present griefs, when every rood of ground sent a member to Parliament."

Such as he is, he is what cram has made him. We may term him the unconscious satirist of the system, through whose

mouth it stands condemned. For the rest, he is in small danger of falling a victim to it. Fond mammas sometimes shudder at his description of the burden of mental toil that weighs on him, and dread its crushing him into an early grave; but the unfortunate instructors whose dreary mission it is to pile mountains of information on his devoted head know that he is as lively as an eel in wriggling out of all danger of being crushed. It is true that once, while smarting under the consequences of having stated that "a circle has only one straight line which is called the circumference, and encloses a space by meeting again where it started," and, further, that "a circle has no parts and no magnitude," he was found annotating the margin of his Euclid with "Often and often in my misery I have thought of going down to the river, and throwing myself in, and becoming food for the fishes"; but this threat of quitting a world unworthy of him was altogether exceptional on his part. The disposition to temporary insanity that he induces in others, and not in himself. It is his teachers who feel their mental balance tottering when, after months of patient effort to bring him to a creditable examination standard, they find him asserting with easy confidence that "a tornado is a peculiar species of bird found only in the Indian archipelago," or explaining that a poll tax was "a tax by which every one who had a head had to pay so much to the king," or construing "Homerum oculis captum esse satis constat," "Homer agreed that his eyes were enough," or rendering "Entends-tu le tonnerre au lointain? Non, mais j'entends le mugissement des vagues," into such English as "Do you hear it thundering at a distance? No, but I hear the magic of the ogres." It is his teachers, again, who doubt their sanity when they find him deliberately committing to paper the statement that Mary, Queen of Scots, was beheaded in England, and died at Edinburgh, or asserting that the Israelites were fed in the desert "by unleavened bread, which fell from heaven," or describing the Mississippi as a river which "has no mouth to let the water out of," and silencing in advance all possible objection to this hypothesis by the convincing explanation, "The sun draws the water up; that is the reason why this river does not overflow its banks." But, if they are wise, they do not treat such efforts of his genius quite seriously. They credit him with sincerity in many blunders, but not in all. Even the bewilderment that perpetual cram induces has its limits; and, although we may be disposed to accept as its victim the ingenuous youth who referred Wat Tyler's rebellion to a refusal to pay the Income-tax, and even his fellow who declared that the Habeas Corpus Act was passed "because the law used to swindle people who went to it for judgment," and who explained the benefit it conferred on the English nation to be that "a man can now only be judged by persons in the same line of business," human credulity revolts from the demand made on it by the audacious youth who replied to the question whether Elizabeth had descendants, "She was the father of James I." One prefers to regard him as the utterer of a protest, admirable in its way, against the short-sighted policy of a world which had done its worst to convert him into a walking text-book, and which he felt had much better suffer him to remain a boy.

THE SALVATION ARMY.

THE trial of Miss Booth and her friends at Geneva presented none of the points of interest which were expected from it. It was, in fact, made as brief and perfunctory as possible, and was fertile in disappointment to those supporters of the Salvation Army who had counted upon it as a means of exciting popular feeling in England. Like another St. Teresa, the "Marséillaise," as she is called in Salvation circles, panted for martyrdom, and met the Swiss spears half way; but, alas! for her ambition, they turned out to be mere stage properties. Meanwhile, at home the Army has pursued its course with one or two little adventures on which it is not wholly to be congratulated. One of its regiments has upset the gig of a captain of Hussars, and has severely injured him and his groom. At Oxford one of its captains has been fined for causing obstruction, and at Kelsall a verdict has been gained by a builder who complained of the riotous noises of the Army next door to his house. It is not easy to reconcile the many cases in which Salvationists have completely disregarded the precept of doing unto others as they would be done to with the jaunty statements in Mr. Booth's letter to the *Times* of Thursday last. But these checks are mere flea-bites, and it is not certain that we have yet begun to feel the worst of the most pestilent of all the fanatical outbursts from which Protestantism has suffered in England.

One thing is certain. We gain nothing by underrating the forces of the enemy, and still less by maligning them. To arrive at the truth regarding the Salvation Army we have not applied ourselves to those who attack it or caricature it. Our point of examination has been from within. We have studied it from the centre of its meetings, from the columns of its accredited newspaper. Its normal object is one with which it is not difficult to sympathize. The Salvationist tracts assert that the mission of every soldier is "to make all thieves, drunkards, outcasts, and plagues of society peaceable and loyal citizens." To a certain extent they have carried out this mission; their banners are followed by troops of lusty converts withdrawn from the criminal classes, and sustained, for the moment, in virtue. It is this which has staggered so many respectable observers of the Salvation Army. We have

seen the prelates themselves lend it their patronage; and at the present moment in hundreds of parishes the Church of England is half-inclined to encourage it. It is easy to say, as the Bishops have done, These people are doing a good work in a rough way; let us forbear to disturb them. With a knowledge of all the Salvation Army has intended to do, and of all that it has done, we venture to assert that its work is not good; that, on the contrary, it is singularly dangerous and pernicious.

That the so-called services are attractive to the lower classes need cause us no surprise. There is no magic in the matter. When we consider how very dreary and depressing are the customary performances in the conventicles of the English Non-conformists, how little there is to excite the imagination, to arrest the attention, or to stir the emotions, it is easy to understand how delightful to a vulgar mind must be the opportunity to unite a so-called religious observance with the gayest and most roisterous excitements of a music-hall. What idle girl and boy would not go to chapel, when, instead of a long-drawn hymn, they may expect a discord on "one cornet, two drums, and a cymbal," and instead of a solemn exposition of Scripture, the dramatic interlude of an old man breaking a bottle of gin against the wall, or a navvy screaming out a scandalous relation of his sins? When "Six Feet of Salvation" springs to his legs and calls for "eight cheers for purity and four for pardon," what idle apprentice would fail to take up the challenge? There is nothing formal, nothing reverent, nothing embarrassing in the performance. The tunes are loud and vulgar, and are merrily accompanied upon comical and rakish instruments. A young girl performs a "blood-and-fire" solo, and then hands round her tambourine for pence. The "six saved drunkards" roar out a "volley" of hallelujahs, and "some of the vilest of the town" contribute their unctuous and voluble testimony. The clatter of tambourines, the yells of the converted drunkards, the "bundling of backsliders on to the penitent's bench," and the swaying of soldiers in the ecstasy of "knee-drill," make up a scene fraught with the wildest excitement and highly attractive to the poor souls that are deluded by it.

No doubt there has been something of this appeal to the sensuous emotions, this pandering to the love of excitement, in all fanatical movements. It was rife in the revivals of twenty years ago; it was familiar to the followers of Whitefield and Wesley. But what is unique in the Salvation system is that there is no pretence at a spiritual organization behind this noisy process of conversion. The Methodists, even the loudest Ranters, have always recognized that there was need of an ecclesiastical polity, that screaming and yelling made but one stage in the Christian's career, and that meditation, homely practice, and secret devotion had their place in the holy life. The Salvationists are unique in having no theory of a godly walk behind their frenzy of conversion. For them the first step is the only one for which provision needs be made, and the converted drunkard has no duty in life except to turn and convert more drunkards. When all the drunkards are converted there will be nothing for it but the Millennium. At all events, General Booth has no spiritual pabulum to offer his infatuated followers. To show how completely the spiritual or religious element is lacking in the services, we have but to glance at the reports. They are given with the greatest minuteness, and prove to be singularly monotonous. We purposely select an example in which the grotesque violence of language, the vulgar coarseness, are as much as possible eliminated. Here is a summary of a meeting at Malvern given by a young woman, one of the chief leaders of the movement:—

We opened the meeting by singing, which went with a hearty swing. We then got down before the Lord and asked that His blessing should rest upon the meeting, and sang upon our knees—

He is waiting, pleading, knocking; let Him in!

which seemed to have a blessed influence upon the meeting. After a little more prayer we got up and sang again. A short Psalm was followed by the collection. Then two Happy Jacks sang together. The Hallelujah Postman afterwards addressed the meeting, followed by our Malvern Songsters. A Black Prince then stepped upon the platform, and gave an address. He was followed by a row of our Converted Guzzlers, who stood upon the platform and sang,

I'm a wonder unto many,
God alone this change hath wrought,

and then gave their testimony. A Black Prince told the audience that instead of guzzling down the publican's broth, he was drinking of the living water. Lieut. Happy Emily afterwards sang her solo, followed by a Welsh song from the Captain. After another song from the Lieutenant, the meeting was then closed.

Nothing could be carried out more precisely on the music-hall plan, nothing could be devised less likely to encourage a spiritual habit of mind. Yet this report, which we copy verbatim from the *War Cry*, is distinguished from the others which crowd that extraordinary sheet only in its comparative reticence, and in its avoidance of the crude unconscious profanities which make some of the other paragraphs unquotable in a respectable newspaper. But in none of these reports, nor, as far as our experience goes, in any of the meetings themselves, is the question of the religious life once mooted. The one cry is, Convert sinners, and, having converted them, set them to convert others. Let each Salvationist be infected with this one rabid excitement, and spend his life in making others as frantic as himself.

There is nothing in all this that is distasteful to the evil instincts of mankind. To shout and sing and march, to flaunt the tricolour penny pin-badge, to array one's self in a "Brother's

Red Guernsey," all this is pleasant enough and exciting enough, and calls for no disagreeable exercise of the humdrum virtues. As long as this intoxication lasts, it is as good as gin, and leaves less pinching a headache behind it. It appeals to the lowest instincts directly, and offends no prejudice of the criminal classes. We were present once at a monster meeting where the core of the worshippers were singing a veritable hymn, while the outside of the throng indulged in the comic ditty called "Buffalo Gals" to the same tune, and the two elements of song blended without giving scandal to anybody. One exquisite touch of naïveté in the *War Cry* is almost too confiding to be revealed. "The Darlestone roughs," it tells us, "have vowed that if anybody dares to touch the Salvation Army it shall be a dear game for them." No doubt! The Salvation Army is safe in the keeping of those sympathetic allies, those fine kindred spirits, the roughs of Darlestone; and the imagination kindles at the thought of the half-brick that would be heaved at the head of any impertinent curate who should dare to expostulate with a Saved Guzzler.

The only person in this vast concourse of shouters who seems to us to have a suspicion that all is not well is Mr. Booth himself. His assertions of success are as loud as ever, his demands for patronage and money as outrageous; but it is impossible to avoid detecting an under-current of alarm in his articles and speeches. He may well be embarrassed at the strange Frankenstein which he has created, and we are conscious of a note of anxiety in his addresses to it. He is a man who knows—none better—what the old forms of Protestant religion demand from their adherents. So rapid has been the growth of his Army that those who are still young can remember him when he was simply a minister of the Primitive Methodist body, distinguished from his co-religionists only by his feverish zeal and restless, purposeless ambition. No one will deny that he has done a remarkable thing; but we cannot guess, and it is unlikely that he himself has any idea, how long he will be able to direct the irrational fanatical mob that he has collected.

Many of our readers will still remember the story of Mr. Charlesworth, a clergyman, who complained that his daughter, a girl under age, had been beguiled from her home against her parents' express command, and sent abroad to work as a Salvation Evangelist. The situation was almost precisely that described by M. Alphonse Daudet in his pathetic story of *L'Évangéliste*. The organs of the Army do not scruple to command the abandonment of relations and home duties "for the Lord's work." A boy is commiserated for being shackled by "unconverted parents," and commended for throwing those shackles off. Clerks and shopmen are told not to think whether they hold "a good situation" or not; the apprentice is not to regard the covenant which binds him. The great thing he has to do is to march to headquarters and learn "to play the bombardon for Jesus." We do not exactly know, we confess, what the last phrase means, but we are sure that it is something very energetic, for a poor man who complained the other day at Chester before the magistrates said that when it was being done in the Salvation Army Hall conversation in his neighbouring house became impossible. When patriotism comes into the question, and people are beginning to treat *La Marseillaise* Booth as a martyr, it is surely worth while to ask ourselves what all this tumult means. There is zeal in it all, with its selfish, low vanity, beyond a doubt—in the playing of loud discordant music under sick folks' windows, in the wanton disturbance of peaceable neighbours, in the making day and night hideous in the streets, in the taking of riot for religion, and of profanity for a watchword—but is it zeal according to righteousness?

THE PEASANT DRAMA IN TUSCANY.

THE unique excellence of the Passion Play at Oberammergau—an excellence which is said to have led Emil Devrient to declare that he had little to teach to, and much to learn from, the actors in it—has had the effect of throwing into the shade other forms of the popular drama in Europe. The same kind of play, though very inferior in quality, is to be found in the adjacent mountains of Tyrol, and has been well described by Mr. Grohman. In Spain, in Belgium, and in several parts of Italy, the religious drama still survives as a mode in which the peasantry combine devotion with recreation. In the Ammergau Play the religious element has now altogether excluded the humorous realism with which most of such plays were once associated; and no cathedral service is more solemn and more impressive than the drama which every ten years is performed by these peasants of the Bavarian Highlands. Elsewhere, in most cases, comedy is occasionally introduced into the most sacred themes. In most parts of Europe, however, where the genuinely popular drama still survives, the subjects chosen are religious. They nearly all have to do with some Biblical subject, or with some legend of a well-known saint of the Church. In Italy, on the contrary, though religious themes are made free use of by the peasant dramatist, the popular curiosity demands others as well; and along with a Passion Play, a story from the Old Testament, or a tale from more recent Church history, we find secular subjects of old date, like the stories of Semiramis, Artaxerxes, or Anthony and Cleopatra, or occasionally modern ones, such as the trial and death of Louis XVI. We find also dramatized versions of Virgil's *Æneid* and of Tasso's "Jerusalem Delivered." The list, in fact, is

almost endless. To speak only of a few more, we meet with the story of Geneviève of Brabant; with the tale of "Fioravante, son of the King of France," which takes the audience back to the days of the Turkish invasion of Europe; with that of "Cleonte and Isabella," which treats of the warfare of the Spaniards and the Moors; with that of "The Discovered Cyrus," which brings together that monarch with Astyages, Cambyzes, Mithridates, and Triidates; we come across Kings of Judah and of Scotland, Goliath and Charlemagne, Pyramus and Thisbe and the Prodigal Son, Susannah and Mary Magdalene, the Deliverance of Vienna from the Turks, and the Day of Judgment. The number of these plays is immense, and the subjects are very varied; but the foregoing list may serve as a fair specimen of the whole. The style of treatment, too, is very curious, and in its general character is alike in them all. It is a mixture of rustic naïveté and good nature with something of the romantic strain of Ariosto and Tasso.

The origin of these plays, which are every year performed in the mountains above Lucca and Pistoja, as well as in other parts of Tuscany, carries us back to a remote antiquity. They form a part of the festival with which the return of the month of May is still celebrated, as it was celebrated in Italy long before the Christian era. The general name which the pieces bear—*Maggio*—is due to the season in which they are given; and they all open with the praises of spring. In the middle ages, and late into the time of the Renaissance (if not down to a more recent period still), such festivals were common among the upper classes of society no less than among the peasantry; but at present it is solely among the latter, and this in certain parts of Italy only, that they are to be found. The plays are acted on Sundays and festivals, and never fail to attract an overflowing audience. The theatres, which are put up for the occasion and taken down afterwards, are of the simplest description; and the want of proper scenery is supplied by any rude indications that may come to hand. Sometimes the stage is divided by a middle partition, and the change of the action from one country to another is represented by the players going from one half of the stage to the other. The *Maggi* are all in verse, and are arranged on a system of four lines, the first and last and the second and third rhyming respectively to one another. They are all sung or chanted, with or without accompaniment as the case may be. There is no curtain, and all the action takes place in view of the public. The chaste Susannah takes her bath; the head of Louis XVI. is cut off; martyrs are burned, hanged, drawn, and quartered, all before the gaze of the spectators. The actors are nearly always men, even when the characters are those of women, though it is a mistake to assert, as Tigri does in the excellent preface to his *Canti Popolari Toscani*, that this is invariably the case. We have known the case of a woman accustomed to act in such plays who, on one occasion when other performers were unable to act from some cause or other, took successively the parts of a Greek soldier in the Trojan horse, of the fair Helen of Troy, and finally of *Æneas* carrying off Anchises. She could neither read nor write, and many years after she had ceased playing, the experiment was tried of giving her the proper cues in the *Maggio* of "*Æneas in Italy*," on which she could always repeat her part with remarkable accuracy. We should observe, before analysing the contents of one or two of these plays, that the word "*Maggio*" is also used for the songs, unaccompanied by any dramatic action, which the peasants sing to hail the advent of May. These are much more varied in metre than the verses of the plays themselves.

Let us now take, for example, the "*Maggio*" of the Prodigal Son. If this departs in any way from the Scriptural version, it will be felt that the kindness which prompted the alteration is a sufficient excuse for the change. The *dramatis personæ* are Rodrigo, the Prodigal Son, who afterwards changes his name to that of Oronte; Bramante, his brother, who also changes his name and becomes the Count Guiscala; Cleonte, the father of both; Oddone, the master of the Prodigal Son in the "far country"; and a page, with servants, a chorus of peasants, and dancers male and female. The play opens with the appearance of the page upon the scene, who gives, in verses which would not have sounded harsh in the ears of Petrarch, the peasants' welcome to the spring:—

Vaghi boschetti di soavi odori.
Di porporine rose e vaghi gigli,
S'apriro a rallegrare i nostri cuori.
Lepri ed uccelli lungi dai perigli
Volan nei campi vestiti di fiori
Senza temer che alcun gli uccida o pigli;
E tra le fronde con sicuri voli
Cantando se ne vanno i rosignuoli.
Tremia la violetta verginella
Fatta leggiadra, gelida, odorosa;
Ma vie più lieta, più ridente e bella,
Ardisce aprire il seno al sol la rosa—

and so forth. It should be remembered that poetry like this, graceful in form, though without much substance, is not the work of cultivated minds, but grows among the people as spontaneously as the May-flowers which are the occasion of it. The prologue ended, the Chorus of peasants appears upon the stage, and in a few lines sings an abstract of what is to follow, winding up with the words:—

Questa storia canteremo,
Tutta bella, tutta vera,
Mentre il fresco della sera
Più gradito il Maggio fa.

The play proper begins with an interview between the two

brothers, in which Rodrigo declares his intention to leave his father's house and enjoy the delights of a hermit's life. It is on this ground that the Prodigal Son puts his desire to go away, and his brother urges him to remain because of their father's age and need of his children. In the second scene the father enters, and beseeches his son to have regard to the ties of blood and affection. He throws himself at last at the son's feet, and implores him to stay with him in his old age. The son is relentless; and not only is resolved to leave the father, who entreats him in the name of the dead mother to remain, but demands his share of the family property. On this point, however, the Italian law comes into collision with that taken for granted in the parable; and accordingly the father tells his son that, though he is under no legal constraint to provide for him in his lifetime, he will nevertheless do so. In the following scene, which is very short, the elder brother reproaches the younger one with his heartlessness; and the other responds by a fanfaronade on the beauties of nature, and of a life according to nature, for the sake of which he is leaving his home. In the fourth scene, Cleonte, Bramante, Rodrigo, and the Chorus meet together. Rodrigo is again appealed to by all; all throw themselves at his feet, and implore him to give up the unnatural design of leaving his friends and kindred. He refuses; and the incensed but still generous father throws in his face the bag of money which he claims; and, as he departs, the father, the brother, and the Chorus pray that he may be forgiven. After the departure of the reprobate the remaining actors bewail his hardness of heart; and finally the father falls into the arms of the elder brother, in which situation, with the Chorus grouped around him, the first act ends.

The second act opens with the late remorse of the exiled prodigal. He appears in ragged clothes and with pallid cheeks, leaning on a stick, and deplores his past unkindness and folly. While occupied with vain regrets, his master comes on the stage, and, after telling him that he must do more work and spend less time in reflection, knocks him down. He tells the dejected Prodigal that accorns to eat and water to drink are enough and plenty for him, and when the unhappy youth expostulates, he tells him that he deserves to have his head cut off for abandoning his father. He goes on to ask the Prodigal how he got rid of the money which the father gave him before his departure. It turns out that it was by no means to enjoy the beauties of nature and the charms of a contemplative life that the young man had come out into the world, but for very different purposes, and he confesses to have spent his money in debauchery. The penitence of the youth moves the compassion of his master, who seconds his wish to return to the father's roof, and says quaintly enough that he is not the proprietor, but only the *fattore* or steward, of the property, but that the owner would himself arrive before long. The latter is coming to hunt the wild boar, and while the steward and the Prodigal are talking, the arrival of the master is heralded by music from violins and hurdy-gurdies. The owner turns out to be none other than the elder brother of the Prodigal. He has set out in order to find the lost one, and, having found him, makes friends with him, and without revealing himself, urges him to overcome his shame and to return to the old home. The second act concludes with music and a ballet.

In the third and concluding act the Prodigal Son returns home. He receives more than the Scriptural welcome, for the elder brother is all to him on his reappearance that he was when he sought him in the disguise of Count Guiscala. "*Er viva il Figliuol Prodigio tornato!*" he cries, and all, without any discordant voice, join in making the returned wanderer feel welcome and happy. The piece ends in general rejoicing, and the moral of the whole is that it is very wrong for children to distress their parents; but if they do so, and get into a scrape thereby, the whole family should join to help them to recover their position and good name.

The pieces in general are, as we have said, either religious or classical in their subjects; but occasionally, though very rarely, the themes are taken from modern history; one of these is the "*Maggio*" of Louis XVI. That the play should give anything like a correct representation of what really happened is not to be expected. The names, even, are strangely altered. Besides the King, the three chief actors in the piece are Mirabo, Moratte, and Datore (Danton). The probable origin of Moratte is curious, and is due to a confusion between Marat, of whose enormities some news must have found its way into the Tuscan hills, and Murat, whose connexion with Naples made his name familiar all over Italy. A single combat between Mirabo and one of the King's officers stands for the rising in August. Moratte then comes forward, and, seeing the King sitting with the crown on his head, bids him take it off and prepare to lose his head as well, for "*Così vuol il Parlamento*." Mirabo then orders Datore to draw up the articles of accusation against Louis, after which the executioner is brought in and the King is decapitated. This done, the soldiers repent of their share in the murder, and Moratte gives the word for general rejoicing. One of the most curious is the "*Death of the Giant Goliath*," *da cantarsi sull'aria del Maggio*. On the title-page is a little blurred woodcut, representing the young conqueror holding up the head of his enemy before the two armies. The Messenger who opens the play begins as usual with celebrating the beauties of the spring-time:—

Or che il sol col raggio d'oro,
Temperato in ciel riluce,
E che Castore e Polluce
Scorron già l'ariste e il toro—

and so forth. He then explains that the drama which is about to

be given typifies the victory of the Eternal Son over the King of Avernus. Next comes a meeting between David and his brother, which is interrupted by the entrance of the giant, who taunts the Israelites with being able to wield no better weapons than their knives and forks, and goes away with the threat that he will give them all as food to the dogs and crows. David then asks what reward will be given to any one who shall slay the truculent Philistine, and is told that whoever does so shall receive the King's daughter in marriage, and shall be freed from all taxes and tributes. Whereupon he is taken before Saul, who is at first reluctant to expose the young man to so great a peril. The sight of Michal redoubles David's courage; he feels sure of victory, but diffident of his own worthiness to possess the princess. She relieves him by asking him if he was not the sweet musician who charmed away her father's melancholy, and by telling him that she had long thought of him and loved him. The duel is then arranged, and David and Goliath go to meet one another. The giant renews his insults, and is killed in due course according to the Scriptural narrative. The King's daughter is given to David in marriage, and the play ends in festivity. The Messenger, by way of epilogue, again points to the allegory contained in the piece, saying that the five stones which David carried with him typify the five wounds of the Redeemer.

One cannot but be struck in reading these plays, as well as the *Stornelli* and *Rispetti* which abound in the same part of Italy, and of which the spring is in no way dried up, what a large amount of cultivation and true education a people may possess which has had little or no schooling. There is no purer Italian, Signor Tigri assures us, than that spoken by the peasants in the neighbourhood of Pistoia. The civilization to which the speech, the manners, and the amusements of these unlettered people all bear witness is assuredly an enviable possession. It is one, too, which can hardly be created by human effort, as it lies almost wholly in the natural gifts with which they are endowed.

OUR VANISHED YEOMANRY.

LORD BEACONSFIELD was one of the few public men of our day who understood the history of the English yeomanry, and his lamentations over their disappearance from the land are familiar to all students of his speeches and writings. Those to whom he communicated some of the interest he himself took in this rather mournful theme should direct their attention to a very curious paper in the current number of the *Contemporary Review*, in which Mr. John Rae, a careful and painstaking economic writer, tries to upset all the commonly received views on the subject. These may be stated as follows. The English yeomanry, we are usually told, began to decline in the middle of the eighteenth century, and they have gone on declining ever since, till they are now as an order extinct. Why they vanished was because, as Mr. Froude pithily puts it, they chose to vanish; in other words, they preferred to use their money in occupations that paid better than farming on a small scale. Agriculture on a grand scale displaced the *petite culture* of the yeomen by a natural economic process; and therefore, in the words of the Richmond Commission, peasant proprietorship is incompatible with the habits of the English people and the conditions of English husbandry. These propositions we may take as being accepted as axioms by nine intelligent men out of ten. But they are precisely the propositions which Mr. Rae deliberately traverses one after another, and he has collected such a curious body of historic evidence against their truth that, whether we accept his conclusions or not, it is worth while to follow him through the windings of the line of research by which he has reached them. Those who maintain the stereotyped theory hold that the decline of the yeomanry in the middle of the eighteenth century was due partly to the reintroduction after the Great Rebellion of the practice of entail and settlement so that political forfeiture might be evaded, partly to the rise of the great industries which made the towns centres of attraction for the rural population, and partly to the introduction of an improved system of agriculture on a grand scale. But Mr. Rae asserts that, though here and there traces of a decrease in the yeomanry are discernible at this time, all over the country they were, as a matter of fact, increasing. They had, it is true, virtually died out in Norfolk. But then, according to Boys and Arthur Young, they were multiplying in Essex and Kent. From Pringle's *Agriculture of Westmoreland* it can be proved that they were declining in that county in 1787. But from contemporaneous reports by Bailey and Calley, Mr. Rae shows that the yeomanry were multiplying in Cumberland. A great increase is reported by Arthur Young as occurring in South Holland, Lincolnshire, and this holds good also for Cornwall. According to Marshall the yeomen of the Midland counties were increasing in 1785; they were plentiful in the Vale of Berkeley; Bishton, in 1794, says there were then "an infinite number of freeholders' and yeomen's estates of all inferior sizes" in Shropshire. Holland, reporting on Cheshire, writes "that the number of small landowners was then (1808) not apparently less than in other counties." Of Suffolk Arthur Young relates the same fact. Brown, at this period, found a flourishing yeomanry in Derby, as Frazer did in Devon, Gooch in Cambridge and Oxford, Pitt in Stafford; and, though Holt complains that they were disappearing in manufacturing Lancashire, neither Marshall nor Brown prefer a like complaint about Yorkshire, which was then full of small proprietors.

The general conclusion is that at the end of the last century, in spite of mere local variations, England had, on the whole, as many yeomen as at its beginning—i.e. about 200,000. If they now and then sold out to go into trade, their places were eagerly taken by others, who preferred to live by modest husbandry. When, then, did the yeomanry really begin to disappear? According to Mr. Rae, not till the end of the great war with Napoleon I., which terminated with Waterloo. High war prices, reckless land purchases, a rise in the standard of comfort not warranted by a prosperity which was only temporary, drove the yeomanry to bankruptcy when, with peace, business resumed its natural relations. They began to sell out, Mr. Rae holds, not, as Mr. Froude will have it, because they wanted to make more of their money in trade, but because they were forced to do so by straitened circumstances. And it may be allowable to say in passing that evidence recently given before the Richmond Commission—notably that of Lord Penrhyn—goes to prove that when the small owner sells it is not because he wants to better himself in trade, but because he must sacrifice his land to appease mortgages. Since the battle of Waterloo was lost and won the yeomanry have, however, kept on disappearing till there is now not a vestige of them left, save such traces as have been found by the Richmond Commission in the Derbyshire hills, the valleys of Yorkshire, Gloucester, Somerset, Westmoreland, Devon, and East Kent—till they are, in a word, reduced to one last stronghold, Lincolnshire, where, oddly enough, Mr. Rae proves that, so far from decreasing, they are actually flourishing and on the increase at the present time. On previous occasions when the embarrassed yeoman had to sell out, others were willing to take his place. But, after the end of the Napoleonic wars, they were not—because, argues Mr. Rae, the Land Laws first of all prevented a great amount of land coming into the market in small lots, whereas that which found its way there was snapped up at fancy prices by large landowners or by their competitors the *nouveaux riches*, who had made fortunes in trade, in India, or in the colonies. There were also subsidiary causes at work to reduce the earnings of the yeomen—such as the loss of the small carrying trade, which was greatly in their hands, but which left them when canals and railways came to be made, and the decay of domestic industries which followed the introduction of the spinning-jenny and the factory system. From all this Mr. Rae easily deduces his conclusion adverse to the finding of the Richmond Commission. It cannot be true, he holds, that peasant proprietorship is incompatible with the habits of the English people, for peasant proprietors as a great and powerful order first disappeared from the country only a little more than fifty years ago. But even if we grant this, he has still to show that tillage by peasant proprietors is compatible with the conditions of English agriculture now, and it will be asked how does he show that? To prove his case he relies, as far as we understand him, on one solitary fact and on one only—the success of the system in the Isle of Axholme, a little corner of North-West Lincolnshire, west of the Trent at its junction with the Humber, whose freeholders, he says, "are less survivals of the past than pledges of the future."

Against what Mr. Rae advances on the historic side there is little to be said. Old theories must bend to new facts, and unless Mr. Rae's facts can be explained away, his general conclusions must stand, and we must date the real disappearance of the English yeoman not from the middle of the seventeenth or eighteenth centuries, but from the battle of Waterloo. Yet his attention might well be bestowed on a great body of curious circumstances, all helping to confirm the old views. If, for instance, the yeomen were not passing away at an alarming rate in the time of Henry VIII., what is the meaning of the Act devised in his reign to check depopulation in the Isle of Wight, of the statute against "the destruction of townes" or homesteads, or of the one limiting the number of sheep a man might maintain? How does Mr. Rae account for such remarkable protests against the disappearance of the small cultivator as those in Latimer's "Plough Sermon" and in the petition to the Crown in which Scory, Bishop of Rochester, complains that, where he remembers forty ploughs being at work, there were only ten left then? Do these protests refer not so much to peasant proprietors as to occupiers, as Latimer's references to his father would seem to indicate? May it not be that attention has up till now been too much concentrated on the peasants who sold out or were sold up, and too little on the fact that their places were taken by others, so long as the value of produce enabled the yeoman to outbid the nabob at a land auction? But after Waterloo, as Mr. Rae says, all this came to an end, and the yeomanry as an order certainly ceased to exist. Surely, however, that fact alone ought to convince him that he is on unsafe ground when he argues that there is nothing in the conditions of English life and agriculture to prevent a peasant proprietary from flourishing now. Was not the late Mr. Mill nearer the mark when he said that a nation which has once taken to agriculture on a large scale will never go back to small tillage, simply because capital, aided by science and invention, can on the large scale draw from the soil more produce than small tillage can, relatively to the labour used in winning it? This proposition Mr. Rae would, we presume, dispute; and he would point to the fertility of the Isle of Axholme as a proof that he is right. This spot is excellently cultivated; but it is surely imprudent to base a sweeping generalization as to the fitness of England for small tillage on the success of the system in one little patch of North-West Lincolnshire. Nor can we receive without qualification Mr. Rae's glowing account of the Isle of Axholme. He quotes a description of

it which appeared in the *Times* in the autumn of 1879 as being trustworthy. But, if he will look at that very description, he will find, first, that the greater part of the Isle of Axholme is not worked by peasant proprietors, but is let out to tenants, who rent small lots from the yeomen; and, secondly, that the general life of the people is hard and poor in the extreme. The Isle of Axholme has been described as a paradise of lawyers, land auctioneers, and moneylenders, and the tiller there is burdened at the outset by being tempted to give for lots adjacent to his own prices varying from 80*l.* to 150*l.* an acre—prices extravagantly in excess of the real value of the soil. This, of course, goes to show that the poor as well as the rich may be willing to pay fancy prices for land—the poor because it secures them independence, the rich because it brings them social importance. It is of importance to Mr. Rae to have it admitted because it opposes Mr. Froude's theory of the disappearance of the yeomen, a theory based on the assumption that they regard land solely as a money-making machine. But is it of use for anything else? For our part, we think not. Looking broadly at all the facts which tell for and against him, we fail to see how Mr. Rae rebuts the contention of the Richmond Commission, which is, that a peasant proprietary already killed is not likely to be re-established with success in England. It will, in fact, suit the peasant now better to be an occupier with something like tenant-right than to be owner of his soil. We are, however, quite willing to admit that, if it could be shown that peasant proprietors were likely to increase the yield of English land, Mr. Rae would have everybody on his side. As yet, however, all he can show is that in the Isle of Axholme peasant proprietors get very little more than their neighbours out of their farms; and it might well be that a similar colony in another part of England might get less. Till he can give us good ground for believing that peasant proprietors will increase the food supply of England generally, no practical politician need care to discuss the problem of how to reinstate our vanished yeomanry.

THE AMERICAN STAGE.

IN a few days Miss Ellen Terry, Mr. Henry Irving, and the rest of the company of the Lyceum Theatre will set sail for New York, where, towards the end of the month, they will make their appearance before an American audience. It is the first time that the whole company of a leading London theatre has been taken across the Atlantic, bearing with it all its scenery and its properties, and endeavouring to reproduce in New York as closely as possible the performance it is in the habit of giving in London. The earliest visit paid to America by a great English actor was that accomplished by George Frederick Cooke. He left England alone, and almost clandestinely; he arrived unexpected and unheralded; but his success was instant and pronounced. He died in New York; and Edmund Kean erected there to his memory a monument, which has been twice restored—once by Charles Kean and again by Sothorn. After Cooke went Junius Brutus Booth, who became an American citizen, and was all but forgotten in England until his son, Mr. Edwin Booth, came over here to recall his memory. After Booth there crossed to America the man whose success had driven Booth from London—Edmund Kean, who paid three visits in all to the United States. After Kean went Macready, one of whose appearances in New York was the cause of a riot far more creditable in its origin and lamentable in its termination than that created by Kean's behaviour in Boston. After Macready went Charles Kean, with his wife—who, as Ellen Tree, had already been made welcome in America—and Charles Kemble, with his daughter, who married an American. In later years the United States have been visited by all the most prominent histrionic celebrities. Rachel made her last appearance on any stage in Charleston, South Carolina, and then went back to France to linger awhile and to die. Fichter acted much in America, and died there. Ristori has taken three trips to America, and so has Salvini, whose welcome was perhaps warmer in New York than in any other of the great cities of the world. Rossi followed Salvini. Three years ago Mme. Sarah Bernhardt died in the fifth act of eight different dramas throughout the length and breadth of the United States.

Toward the end of the last century the theatre was firmly established in New York. For a while the house was managed by William Dunlap, the biographer of Cooke, the historian of the American stage, and one of the most fertile of American dramatists. If one may credit a mass of contemporary memoirs, the company at the Park Theatre in New York in the first quarter of this century was second only to those of the great patent houses in London; there seems to be but little doubt that it was at least equal to the best of the English provincial companies—that at Bath, for instance, or at York. It was not long before the Chestnut Street Theatre in Philadelphia was an accepted rival of the New York Park Theatre. The company collected in Philadelphia and acting together year after year was a histrionic organization of remarkable artistic strength, as any one may see who cares to consult the volume on the "Jeffersons" prepared by Mr. William Winter for the "American Actor Series." The grandfather of Mr. Joseph Jefferson was the chief comedian. The leading actor of heroic parts in tragedy and in comedy was Thomas Cooper, who had been in some sort a pupil of William Godwin, the philosopher, and who had formed his style as an actor on John

Kemble. It was by Godwin's advice that Cooper went to America, where he speedily rose to a foremost position. Even the visits of Cook and Kean did not lower the estimation in which Cooper was held. But while winning fame in the land of his adoption he seems to have been well-nigh forgotten in the land of his birth. Mr. Kegan Paul, in his *Life of Godwin*, prints several letters to Cooper, but he has evidently no adequate idea of the position the actor attained in America. When Cooper, late in life, returned for a little space to act in England, he was announced and criticized as an American—a phenomenon not infrequently repeated since in the cases of British born players who have been accepted here as Americans.

Cooper and Booth were for half a century the chief figures on the American stage. Booth represented what must be called the Kean school, with its fiery rushes of emotion and its flashes-of-lightning method of revealing Shakspeare. Cooper belonged rather to the more stately and dignified school of John Philip Kemble. Booth's successor is his son, Mr. Edwin Booth. Cooper's chief follower was the late Edwin Forrest, an actor of peculiar personality and marked infirmity of temper. Forrest had his failings and his failures; he had also many of the elements of greatness. When an actor is at his best as King Lear, as Forrest was, his position is indisputable. That Forrest chose sometimes to rely for effect on his thews and sinews rather than on his intelligence is greatly to be regretted, but it is plainly enough his own fault if he is only too often passed over as a robustious fellow, wholly lacking in art. If a tragedian is to be judged by his best only, Forrest was a great actor; if he is to be judged by his worst, Forrest was an actor about whom there might be interminable and profitless discussion. But, whatever his merit, his influence upon the American stage was large and lasting. Like Macready, he loved his art and respected what was best in it. He kept alive in American audiences a liking for the high sweep and lofty emotion of tragedy. Like Macready again, he was anxious to enlarge his repertory with new plays worthy to be ranked with the survivals of the past. Macready was better seconded by the literary dramatists of England than Forrest could possibly be by the few American authors of his time, and most of the plays written for Forrest have already been filed away in the Solemn Archives of Oblivion's Uncatalogued Library, as Dr. Holmes put it. *The Gladiator*, Bird's play of that name, not to be confounded with Soumet's tragedy, still survives because Mr. John McCullough acts it now and again. The elder Booth it was who kept alive *The Iron Chest* of the younger Colman and the *Brutus* of John Howard Payne, best known now as the writer of "Home, Sweet Home." And in like manner the late E. L. Davenport, the father of Miss Fanny Davenport, was wont to appear at intervals as Sir Giles Overreach in Massinger's *New Way to Pay Old Debts*.

It was to Cooper first, and secondly to Forrest, that must be ascribed the introduction of the starring system. It was, of course, perfectly proper that any great English actor who came to America should travel from city to city acting with the local company, for only in this way could American audiences see Cooke, or Kean, or Mathews. It was even desirable that Cooper and one or two other of the chief actors of the Park Theatre or of the Chestnut Street Theatre should pay an occasional visit to smaller towns, just as the chief actors of the London patent houses were in the habit of starring in Bath and York and Dublin, always retaining a permanent connexion with the London theatre, which could count on their services during the winter season. Cooper began by dividing his time between New York and Philadelphia. Forrest early in his career set up solely as a wandering star, year after year going a circuit like a judge. As theatres increased rapidly throughout the United States other actors followed Forrest's example. The general level of merit in the American companies sank because the more competent actors, disgusted with having to support stars of slight lustre, were tempted to set up as stars themselves, and because it was absolutely impossible to create hastily the great multitude of performers called for by the steady expansion of the theatrical area. In country towns the local manager discovered in time that it was the name of the star which attracted the audience, and not the general excellence of the performance; and immediately he was tempted to be satisfied with as cheap a company as he could get. This gradual deterioration of the provincial companies was the work of years. But its effect began to be felt shortly even in the more important cities. In New York, in Boston, in Philadelphia, in New Orleans, in Chicago, and in San Francisco, there were theatres which resisted the star system, and which depended wholly upon the even all-round excellence of a stock company. Until about ten years there were in every one of these cities strong stock companies capable of acting anything, tragedy or comedy, melodrama or farce. There were in the same cities other theatres with cheap troupes barely sufficing for the support of the travelling star. The words of Longfellow to his child were quite applicable to the American company; when she was good, she was very, very good, and when she was bad, she was horrid. The pernicious system of "jobbing," or engaging an actor for the "run of the piece," which obtains in London, was impossible in America, and the really strong companies were very strong indeed. When Mr. Augustin Daly was managing the Fifth Avenue Theatre, in New York, about ten years ago, he had a company powerful enough to enable him to present adequately *The School for Scandal* in New York, while half his actors were performing *London Assurance* the same night at a suburban theatre. And

the company at Wallack's Theatre, in New York, at Hooley's Theatre, in Chicago, at the Boston Museum, and at the California Theatre, in San Francisco, was but little inferior to this.

Within the past ten years the same change has taken place in the United States as has been observed in England and in France. The local stock company has disappeared, and its place is taken by the travelling troop sent out from the metropolis, either to present a play which is the talk of the town, or to support a popular actor. In the United States this change has been quite complete. Outside of New York there are not more than three stock companies. There are theatres everywhere, even in very small and very new towns; but their managers are little more than janitors who let them to the travelling "combinations." And in New York itself there are a scant half-dozen theatres with stock companies, while there are nearly a dozen houses relying on the periodical visitations of strolling combinations. The effect of this change has been as unhealthy in America as it has been in France and in England. One result of the breaking up of the minor provincial companies will be a diminution in the number of trained actors. As Mr. Edwin Booth recently remarked to an American reporter, the combinations "which have sprung up with the surprising quickness of mushroom growth have, of course, seriously injured the profession, tempting young actors from established organizations, occupying them generally with a class of work not calculated to develop them intellectually, dulling their ambition by engaging them in a monotonous repetition of one part, robbing them of the brilliancy which comes from the friction of contact with new characters, and weakening their minds by doing away with the study and elaboration of new characters."

In the same conversation from which this quotation is made, Mr. Booth also remarked upon a difference between English and American audiences in their acquaintance with Shakspeare. He found that an English audience is less familiar with the more frequently acted plays of Shakspeare than an American audience is. He detected a "lack of sympathy, that quick appreciation of every line uttered which at once makes itself felt across the foot-lights, when, to those acting upon the stage and to those listening from the benches, the play is equally familiar, and every scene is thoroughly anticipated, comprehended, and enjoyed." As Mr. Booth says, this is not due to any deficiency in England of intelligent appreciation of Shakspeare; it is due to the fact that English audiences are not "thoroughly accustomed to hearing him spoken from the stage." Mr. Booth dwelt on the trouble of finding competent actors here for the smaller parts of Shakspeare, men in the habit of speaking blank verse, and familiar with the traditions of each part, and on the difficulty of getting adequate scenery for the presentation of the more frequently acted Shakspearian plays. Neither of these difficulties exists in America. There it is not hard to get together a fairly competent company of actors used to Shakspearian characters, and to find theatres fitted with the simple scenes needed for the simple presentation of the chief of Shakspeare's plays. Mr. Booth also notes his surprise that Shakspeare is not attractive in England, unless as splendidly mounted as at the Lyceum, whereas in America the play's the thing, and *Hamlet* and *Richard III.* suffice to fill the house without the aid of any scenic show. That Mr. Booth was well within the truth in these remarks will not be questioned by any one who knows the state of the American theatre. And the credit of the wider American familiarity with Shakspeare on the stage is due in great measure to Mr. Booth himself. For twenty years now Mr. Booth has acted in the chief American theatres, and he has for the most part confined himself to Shakspearian characters. He often acts *Richelieu*, and now and again he appears as *Ray Blas* or *Don Cesar de Bazan* or *Claude Melnotte* or the unhappy hero of *The Iron Chest*—a part he inherited from his father. But these are dropping out of his list of parts, and he is beginning to play only *Hamlet*, *Othello*, *Iago*, *Richard III.*, *Richard II.*, and *Lear*. Mr. John McCullough, whom we have seen here at a disadvantage, and Mr. Lawrence Barrett, whom we are to see here at the Lyceum at Easter, have also helped in familiarizing the great American playgoing public with the acting of Shakspeare. Four companies, headed by Mr. Booth, Mr. Barrett, Mr. McCullough, and Miss Mary Anderson, are constantly going about the United States presenting Shakspearian plays without pomp and with popular approval. It is needless to dwell on the good influence of these companies, some of which are kept together year after year, and all of which are trained to act in a wide repertory of plays. Here indeed is a school for young actors in which they may gain valuable experience. Here especially is a school for audiences in which they may be made more familiar with what is best and highest in dramatic literature.

THE CHEAPNESS OF MONEY.

THE cheapness of money, to use a well-known bankers' phrase, all over Europe and America at the present time is very surprising. As we pointed out recently, the rate of interest payable for the use of capital in the short-loan market is usually higher at this season of the year than at any other; but just now it is exceptionally low. The Bank of England last week further reduced its rate of discount to 3 per cent, and in the open market the rate of discount is only about 2½ per cent. It is but little more in any

part of the Continent, and in New York money is actually being lent from day to day upon Stock Exchange securities at about 2 per cent. What this means will best be understood when we remind our readers that about the end of September for four or five years past rates of interest ranging from 10 to 20, and sometimes even to 40 per cent. and more, have been paid under similar circumstances. It is thus found that loanable capital is exceptionally abundant all over Europe and America, and that the rate it is able to command is consequently exceptionally low. The causes of this state of things are numerous. First amongst them is the collapse of speculation in the United States. For four or five years past the American people have been building railways at an extremely rapid rate; they have been speculating, too, in all sorts of things—not only in Stock Exchange securities, but also in land, in iron-mines, in ironworks, in housebuilding, in Mexican railways, and so on. This speculation has now come to an end; large numbers of workpeople have been thrown out of employment, a great many factories and workshops have been closed, and generally there is a lull where a little while ago there was feverish activity. There is less demand, therefore, for loanable capital in every direction. In the meantime, the currency of the country has been rapidly growing. All the gold raised from the American mines for seven or eight years has been coined, and about 40 millions sterling in gold have been imported from Europe. Furthermore, large amounts of silver have been coined. Thus, while of late the demand for loanable capital has been gradually falling off, there has been a steady and long-continued increase of the means of satisfying it. In consequence, the loan market of New York is well supplied, and the terms that loanable capital is able to command are lower than they were. But as New York for years past had been drawing upon Europe for gold, the cessation of the drain has given ease to the money markets of Europe; and thus, where a little while ago we had stringency, we now have what bankers call "plethora." This influence has been aided by the collapse of speculation at home. All over Europe speculation has been dormant ever since the panic on the Paris Bourse at the beginning of last year. Perhaps a more potent cause of the cheapness of money is the long-continued agricultural depression. The great prosperity of the United States gave a temporary stimulus to trade in Europe, and the wild speculation that terminated in the failure of the Union Générale in France gave an appearance of still greater animation throughout Europe. But the agricultural depression continued, and after a while it put an end to the seeming revival. When trade once more became dull the demand for loanable capital fell off, and consequently the price bankers are able to obtain for the commodity in which they deal fell likewise.

There is another permanent cause of the extraordinary cheapness and abundance of money, which is perhaps not sufficiently attended to. Since the general introduction of railways the surplus population of Europe has been transferred in enormous numbers to new countries, particularly to America and Australia. Vast new regions have been opened up, and immense quantities of food and of the raw materials of manufacture have been raised. To bring these to market, and to enable the growing population to spread itself over the unoccupied territories of these new countries, railways have been pushed forward more and more, and thereby it has become possible to send to market the immense production of these new countries. At the same time, the application of steam to navigation, and the substitution of iron for wood in marine construction, have enormously multiplied the means of communication by water. And lastly, the laying down of telegraph wires over the land and under the sea has brought the whole world into close and constant communication. The result is that the production of food and of the raw materials of manufacture has increased in a manner never before experienced in the history of the world. And the means of sending this unprecedented surplus production to the markets of the older countries have been increased in even greater proportion. While the quantity of goods to be sent to the markets of Western Europe has increased as pointed out, it is a remarkable fact that the rates charged by the principal American railways have been steadily falling. Not only, therefore, is it possible to send corn and cotton from the interior of America, from Australia and India, to London and Liverpool, but it costs much less to do so year by year. Australia is now much nearer to us than New York was forty years ago, and it is cheaper to bring corn from Australia than it was then to bring it from New York. Nor is this all. The use of the telegraph enables merchants to supply themselves as they require. Formerly from the difficulty of communications merchants had to keep immense stocks of goods in their warehouses, and consequently needed enormous capitals to carry on their business; now they have only to telegraph to New York, New Orleans, San Francisco, Melbourne, Bombay, or Shanghai for what they want, and they can calculate to a nicety how soon the goods will be landed. They may leave out of account contrary winds, knowing that steam will overcome these. For all these reasons the prices of almost every article consumed have fallen very greatly during the last quarter of a century, and more particularly they have fallen greatly during the past ten years. But with the fall of prices, and with the new system of holding smaller stocks in their warehouses, merchants are able to carry on their business with very much smaller capitals than formerly. Consequently, capital is much more efficient than it formerly was. The same amount of capital, that is, does much more work. And, therefore, capital, like everything else, has

fallen in price. These are the great general causes acting upon the money markets of the world. There are several temporary causes. Of these the more potent are the prevailing political uncertainty, and the discredit into which large classes of Stock Exchange securities have fallen. For example, there is a widespread distrust just now of American Railway securities; consequently investors do not buy them as they formerly did, and very many have sold what they formerly held. But as there are savings going on every year, capital is accumulating in the banks of the world because these investors are unable to find securities at once sufficiently safe and sufficiently remunerative to tempt them to buy. And the capitals that are thus lying idle are competing with other capital for employment in the short-loan market, and are depressing rates. Still more powerful is the political anxiety. In France, for example, trade, as we explained last week, is bad, the finances are in a disordered state, the country is isolated in Europe, while great coalitions are being formed all round it; and, in addition to all this, she is engaged in a number of distant expeditions which may involve her in serious complications. In China, for example, she may at any moment find herself engaged in war. The capitalists in France, seeing all this, know that some loans must be raised, and fear that very large loans may be required. They desire, therefore, to keep their capital well in hand, so that, if the occasion should arise, they may be able to use it profitably to themselves. And, while they are holding it so, they are of course anxious to employ it in the short-loan market. Here, again, there is competition with the usual supply in the short-loan market, which is depressing rates. In Egypt, moreover, there is uncertainty produced by our own Government. It professes a desire to withdraw from the country; and all Europeans there feel that, if it does, life and property will be insecure. They refrain, therefore, from investing. It is said, for instance, that scarcely anything has yet been done to rebuild Alexandria, because those who could afford it desire to be assured of English protection before they invest their money once more.

This great cheapness of money all over Europe and America is extremely favourable to trade. As there is so much capital seeking employment, and as the interest it can command in the short-loan market is low already, and is steadily declining, there is a strong temptation for those who own it to invest it in some way that will be more profitable. Hence cheap money is always found to generate speculation on the Stock Exchange and to stimulate trade in commodities. For this reason alone the prospect of an improvement in trade is much better than it was a little while ago, provided always that the cheapness of money will continue. There is a possibility, of course, that there may be impending catastrophes, like the failure of the City of Glasgow Bank. It is known, for example, that speculation in land has been carried of late to a very high pitch in the North-West Provinces of Canada, and it is believed that the Canadian banks and some of the American banks are largely concerned in this speculation. It is possible that some of them may have gone too far, and that they may be obliged to suspend. The Canadian and American banks, however, are hardly big enough to produce much effect upon the money market, unless indeed such a number of them should at once fail as would have a serious effect. It must be added, however, that so far as the accounts of the banks go there is nothing to give countenance to the sinister rumours afloat respecting them. Again, if there were to be a war between France and China, and if at the same time Prince Bismarck were to assume a threatening attitude, there might be serious difficulties in Paris that would affect the money market. Lastly, a war with China might have an effect upon some of the banks connected with the East. In all or any of these ways it is possible that difficulties might arise which would affect the money market and prevent the usual operation of cheap money in improving trade. But so far there is no probability of any of these disasters occurring, and if they do not occur an improvement of trade may reasonably be expected. The state of the Continent, of course, is against such improvement. But even if there were a Continental war, it would not be seriously detrimental to us, provided we kept out of it, while it would certainly benefit some of our industries. The iron industry, for instance, would be benefited by the large demand for arms and ammunition, and our shipping trade would be likewise benefited by the employment that would be given to neutral shipping. The United States would benefit still more, since they would be more ready to take orders for supplying war material. Upon the whole, then, it seems reasonable to expect that if the present cheapness of money continues it will have the usual influence upon trade. And that influence will be the greater if, as we may reasonably feel assured, the price of bread continues very low. The harvest has not been very good, though it has been better than most recent harvests; and the wheat crops all over the world are abundant and of excellent quality. We have every ground for assuming, therefore, that our supply of wheat during the coming year will be exceedingly large, and consequently that the price will be very low. The wages of labour will as a result go farther in the purchase of commodities than in average years, and labourers, therefore, will have a larger surplus to lay out upon other things than food. And the extreme cheapness of all the raw materials of manufacture is still further highly favourable to trade.

NEWMARKET FIRST OCTOBER MEETING.

THE last part of the racing season is in many respects the busiest, and the three autumn meetings which follow each other so quickly are the most important of all that take place at Newmarket. It is true that the Two Thousand and the One Thousand are very interesting races; but they are, as it were, the preludes to the racing season, while the Cesarewitch and the Cambridgeshire are the grand finale, being the end of the third volume of the story of the year's racing, an ending at which, unfortunately, we cannot peep beforehand. The so-called First October Meeting is chiefly interesting to betting men as an opportunity of gambling on the forthcoming pair of great handicaps. When anything older than a two-year-old wins a race at this meeting, the chances are that its victory will influence the position of one of its former antagonists or stable companions in the Cesarewitch or Cambridgeshire betting. Moreover, so many horses are trained at Newmarket, that the morning gallops and the rumours of touts, or of people who have been "told something," keep up throughout the week an hourly increasing interest in the two great races that are to be decided before the end of October.

The racing began with the defeat of a hot favourite. Odds were laid on Incendiary for the All-Aged Trial Stakes. Archer rode him, and made a vigorous challenge against Executrix, but he could not quite get up to her and he lost the race by three-quarters of a length. Archer had to exert himself again to land the odds of 5 to 2 that were laid on Lord Falmouth's two-year-old, Woodpecker, in the next race but one, but he just succeeded in winning by a head. Seventeen two-year-olds came out for the Nursery Stakes, and Offspring was made the favourite, but many people fancied Knight Errant, who has a great turn of speed over short and easy courses. Archer made the running on the last-named colt, but after running very fast for half a mile, Knight Errant was quite exhausted and was caught and passed in the last fifty yards by the outsider Monotony, a filly by See-Saw that had won a Selling Plate at the July Meeting. There was a field of seven for the Hopeful Stakes, all of them being entered for the Derby, Oaks, or St. Leger of next year. Mr. Lefevre's Wild Thyme, who had been third in the Champagne Stakes at Doncaster, was the first favourite, and Juventus, the winner of the Gimcrack Stakes at York, was second favourite. After they had run a quarter of a mile, Wild Thyme took the lead and held it to the end, winning easily by a length. The winner is very heavily engaged, being entered for the Derby, Oaks, and St. Leger, as well as for other races of importance. The Great Foal Stakes had a treble interest. In the first place it promised to be a good race in itself; secondly, it would be something of a test of the merits of the winner of the St. Leger; and thirdly, it would be a public trial of a prominent favourite for the Cambridgeshire. This Cambridgeshire favourite was Goldfield, who was receiving 7 lbs. from Ossian. The Prince, who ought, it was said, to have won the St. Leger if the course had not been quite so long, was now to meet the winner of that race over a course nearly half a mile shorter. Then there was the "great leathering Hamako," as the sporting writers call him, who had always been going to win a great race, but somehow or other had never yet succeeded in winning even a small one. Bonny Jean, the winner of the Oaks, was another starter. Nine horses went to the post, and Export made the running as far as the T.Y.C. winning-post, where Ossian went to the front. Goldfield immediately drew up to Ossian; but, in descending the Bushes Hill, he lost ground, as if he could not gallop freely on a decline. The Prince ran fairly up to this point, but he was quite done by the time he reached the Abingdon Bottom. As they ascended the rising ground to the winning-post Ossian held a clear lead; but, as soon as Goldfield began to go uphill again, he gained ground, and was drawing up to Ossian when the latter won the race by a length. The Great Foal Stakes has hitherto been a sort of perquisite for St. Leger winners, as they have won it four times out of five. If the Great Foal Stakes was a public trial of a favourite for the Cambridgeshire, the Produce Stakes was a trial of one of the favourites for the Cesarewitch. This was Lord Bradford's Quicklime, who was to meet Dutch Oven, the winner of last year's St. Leger, at weight for sex. Odds of 7 to 2 were laid on Dutch Oven, and 4 to 1 was laid against Quicklime. It will be remembered that in the St. Leger Quicklime had been unplaced, but he had won the Epsom Grand Prize as well as the Prince of Wales's Stakes at Ascot. Rozelle made the running during the greater part of the race, but towards the end Quicklime took the lead and held it to within fifty yards of the winning post, where Dutch Oven passed him and won easily by a neck. When horses win easily by a neck in the hands of such an artist as Archer, it is difficult to say by how much more they might not have won.

There was a great contrast between the sport on the first and that on the second day of the meeting, nor would it be too much to say that on the latter it was very bad. Lord Cawdor's Perdita II., a large and lengthy two-year filly by Hampton out of Hermione, won a Selling Sweepstake so easily that she was bought in for 560 guineas—260 guineas beyond the price for which she was entered to be sold. Baron Rothschild's Skye was made a strong favourite for the Welter Handicap. It is said that the colt was backed, by one person or another, to about a couple of thousand pounds. Fordham was riding him, and all promised well until he reached the post, when he belted three times, and in his last break-away he got on the tan-gallop and disported himself on this, at his best pace, for over a mile. At last he stopped from sheer exhaustion, and Fordham, perceiving that the

beast was completely "pumped out," dismounted and took no part in the race. Grandmaster became the favourite for the Produce Stakes, and Grenville, who had run Chislehurst to a head at Gosforth Park, when receiving 9 lbs., was the second favourite. The third favourite was Rookery, who had shown much promise last season. Grenville made the running as far as the Bushes, where he was joined by Rookery and Grandmaster, but when he reached the Dip he had had enough of it, and Grandmaster ran on to the winning-post a length in advance of Rookery, Grenville being three-quarters of a length behind the filly. Lucerne and Hornpipe were the first and second favourites for the Great Eastern Handicap, but they were both heavily weighted, and the race was left to the light-weight division. Amy Melville, a five-year-old, carrying 6 st., who had lost a great number of races and won remarkably few, won by three lengths from Narcissa, the winner of the Welter Handicap at Epsom. Lord Rosebery won both the first and the last race of the day, which was a dull one.

In the Produce Stakes on the Thursday, Lord Falmouth's two-year-old colt, Harvester, who had hitherto disappointed his admirers, made the running throughout the race and won in a canter by a length and a half, although he had started but third favourite and had a tolerably good field behind him. The course for this race was only about five furlongs, which exactly suited the speedy Knight Errant, who ran second. Talisman was the first favourite, but Harvester had beaten him by half a length in the Chesterfield Stakes in July. In the same race Harvester had run within half a length of the famous Superba, when receiving 4 lbs. and sex. There was a fine race between Tombola and Satire for the Snailwell Stakes; Flemington, who had started first favourite, was unplaced. The Grand Duke Michael Stakes had promised to be an interesting race, as Ossian and Chislehurst were entered for it, but neither of the pair went to the post. In their absence a first favourite was made of Ladislus, who had been third—a couple of lengths away—to Ossian and Chislehurst in the Great Yorkshire Stakes, and nowhere to them in the St. Leger. Hamako was second favourite, but this colt had been going to do great things so often without accomplishing them that he was distrusted, although he was receiving 5 lbs. from Ladislus. Archer made the running on Ladislus, but Fordham, after waiting on him with Hamako, made a rush from the Dip, and won by a neck. After the race there was much discussion as to whether the result tended to show that Ladislus had fallen off or that Hamako had improved, and the question was of considerable importance, as Hamako is engaged in the Cambridgeshire. The prettiest race of the day was that for the Nursery Stakes. Sixteen two-year-olds started, and the Duke of Hamilton's Loch Ranza won by half a length from Sir George Chetwynd's Quilt, who was only a head in front of the Duke of Portland's Jambic. The winner had been the second favourite. Prince William, the first favourite, who was giving a great deal of weight to each of his opponents, was unplaced. The first favourite was also beaten in the October Handicap, which was won by MacMahon, the winner of the York Cup. Vista, the first favourite, was second, half a dozen lengths behind him, and Scobell was third; but the winner had very much the best of the weights.

Assuming from his form in the Grand Duke Michael Stakes that Ladislus had deteriorated, backers made Grandmaster a better favourite for the St. Leger Stakes on the Friday; but in doing this they miscalculated, for Ladislus won very easily. The effect of this race was to send Hamako up in the betting for the Cambridgeshire. The backers were decidedly "out of form" in the early part of the afternoon, as in each of the first four races the second favourite was successful. A beautiful filly appeared in public for the first time in the Rous Memorial Stakes. This was Lord Falmouth's Busybody, by Petrarch out of Spinaway, who started first favourite. Spring Morn, who had been second to Superba for the Champagne Stakes, was second favourite. Busybody, who ran in rather a raw manner, won very cleverly by a length, and Knight Errant ran second for the third time during the meeting. There was a splendid race for a Sweepstakes, for which there was only a head between the first and second and the second and third. The weather while the racing was going on was fortunately fine on all the four days of the meeting; but there was a good deal of rain at other times during the week.

One of the great events of the week of the First October Meeting was the advertisement of the Eclipse Stakes, a new weight-for-age race which is to take place at Sandown in July 1886. This will be the most valuable race ever contested, being worth 10,000*l.* Four subscriptions, beginning at 10*l.* and ending at 50*l.*, have to be paid, the whole stake amounting to 110*l.* for each starter. Considering the many ills that horseflesh is heir to, the two years and seven months that are to elapse between the days of the nomination and the race, and the constantly recurring subscriptions, the Eclipse Stakes has very much the look of a tontine, ending with a race among the survivors.

The Middle Park Breeding Stud, which was established twenty-seven years ago, was broken up for the third time, last month. In 1872 it realized about 124,000*l.*, in 1878 48,195 guineas, and this year something over 10,000*l.* In the two earlier sales several stallions had been sold; but, on the late occasion, Scottish Chief, who is now more than twenty years old, was the only sire offered for sale. He had cost 8,000*l.*, and it is said that he is the sire of about a hundred and fifty winners whose earnings amount to as many thousands of pounds. He was now sold for 500 guineas. At the former sale a brood mare had been sold for 2,500 guineas;

but now the highest price given for a mare was 500 guineas. Nor did the foals realize prices at all approaching those given at the previous sale. The largest sum now given was 500*l.*, whereas 850 guineas were paid for a foal at the preceding sale. Even that price had been considerably exceeded at the Cobham sale in 1879, when 1,100 guineas were given for a foal by Scottish Chief. Count Lehnndorff, in his *Horse-Breeding Recollections*, which we lately noticed, questions the likelihood of large breeding studs succeeding, and, when noticing the first sale of the Middle Park Stud, he hints that in his opinion it occurred at a particularly happy moment. Be that as it may, it is impossible to hear of the final break-up of the Middle Park establishment without regret, as it was undoubtedly, when at its best, the most famous stud farm ever known.

REVIEWS.

ST. LAWRENCE, READING.*

THIS book appears at a very opportune moment. We hardly suppose that Mr. Kerry timed its publication with reference to the Church Congress at Reading, one of the inaugural services being held in the church to which his volume is devoted, but it is not the less seasonable. The coincidence is a happy one, which we cannot doubt many of the members of Congress, both lay and clerical, will be glad to profit by. Whatever makes Church life in past days more real and more vivid, and enables us to grasp the unbroken continuity of the Church of England more firmly, is not only interesting, but most valuable. By nothing is this more effectually done than by the records of one of our great town churches. The history of every old parish church in England—as Mr. Kerry remarks, "everywhere the ancient centre of parochial life"—is in a great measure typical of the history of the national Church, and of the successive generations whose spiritual mother she was. An examination of Mr. Kerry's volume shows that this is specially the case with St. Lawrence's, Reading. Its "archives," he truly states, "are amongst the oldest and most interesting in England," affording "not only a wonderful insight into the history and changes of the fabric, the exquisite nature of its furniture and decorations, but also illustrating to a great extent the parochial life" of the centuries over which they extend. Few churches can exhibit so long and so perfect a series of records. Beginning in 1410, that memorable year which witnessed the second organized attempt of the House of Commons to disendow the Church of England and secularize her property, and its defeat in the House of Lords, mainly through the determined opposition of the Prince of Wales, afterwards Henry V., the series continues almost unbroken down to the present time. The interesting selections from these records, made with admirable judgment by Mr. Kerry—their publication *in extenso* he leaves to those of larger means and ampler leisure; might not the Camden Society or some kindred association take it up?—reflect with the unquestionable accuracy of a dispassionate witness the successive vicissitudes through which the faith, the worship and ritual of the Church of England have passed during the nearly five centuries which they cover, and testify to the unbroken identity which, under all outward changes, links the present with the past, leaving no sensible gap between the humble wooden church of the Saxon burgh, burnt by the Danes on their inroad in 871; and again, together with the Abbess Leveva's little convent which had risen on the same site, on their second incursion in 1006, and the stately stone edifice, whose lofty pinnacled tower is one of the most striking objects in the approach to Reading by the Great Western. True, it stands no longer on its original site. When Henry I. founded his magnificent Benedictine Abbey on the headland between the Thames and the Kennet, the place of the original Saxon stronghold and later settlement, to receive the priceless relic of the hand of St. James, which, according to Hoveden, his daughter Maud had brought with her, together with the Imperial crown, on her return as a childless widow from her German home, he swept away the old church and re-erected it just outside the abbey precincts. Of this second church no more remains than a piece of wall at the south-west corner of the nave, together with some capitals and other fragments of Norman work, brought to light during the restoration of the tower in 1882. But it is the same parish church of St. Lawrence which, in the words of Mr. Kerry, while "the Saxon vill with its humble church and convent have long since passed away, and the stately monastic foundation which supplanted them is now a crumbling ruin—a perishing fragment of its former grandeur—still survives, the single representative of these ancient associations and the hereditary successor of the church of the Saxon Burg." The ecclesiastical allegiance of Berkshire has in our own days been shifted from the See of Salisbury, to which, or rather to its predecessor the See of Sherborne, it was first attached, on the division of the great diocese of Wessex on the death of Bishop Heddi in 705 A.D., to that of Oxford. But, as Cyprian has said, "Episcopatus unus est cujus a singulis in solidum pars tenetur." If this unity is a fact in the Church Catholic, much more does it

* *The History of the Municipal Church of St. Lawrence, Reading.* By Rev. Charles Kerry, Curate. Published by the Author, Fishery Road, Reading. 1883.

hold good for a national Church amidst its necessary mutations, and we may justly regard Bishop Mackarness as the successor of St. Aldhelm of Malmesbury, while in Bishop Harold Browne, who preached one of the inaugural sermons of the Congress this year in St. Lawrence's Church, we recognize the eighty-third Bishop in unbroken descent from Birinus, the Apostle of Wessex, and the seventy-eighth from Daniel, "reverendissimus occidentalis Saxonum Episcopus," as he is styled by his contemporary Bede, who gratefully records the help afforded by him in the supply of materials for his history, who was the first to rule over the newly-constituted diocese of Winchester. Such an uninterrupted lineage, reaching over nearly twelve centuries, is a fact of no light moment.

The architectural history of the fabric may be soon dismissed. Mr. Kerry deals but slightly with it—more slightly indeed than we could desire. It would have been well if he had told us at the outset of what parts the church is composed; still better if he had given us a ground-plan. We happen, however, to know that the church consists of a nave and north aisle, with a chancel and north chapel dedicated to St. John the Baptist. A stately tower, with corner turrets of flint and stone, stands at the west end of the nave. The fabric seems to have been chiefly of Transitional date, erected by Abbot Hugh in 1196, when he assigned the church to the newly-founded "hospitium" of St. John the Baptist. The triple lancets in the east gable, the arcade between the church and the north chapel, the south door, and the other smaller portions belong to this church. But, like most of our town churches, its general aspect is Perpendicular. In 1440 collections were made "ad opus ecclesie." In 1458 the grand west tower was erected and the north arcade built. These arches, not proving lofty enough, in 1520-2 the columns were raised and the arches stilted, and new windows made in the choir and other parts. A south transept, erected in 1637 by Sir Francis Knollys, "for the peculiar use of himself and his posterity, as well for their seats there as for their burial-place underneath," filled with the escutcheons of the family, was, for some inexplicable reason, demolished during one of the "restorations" the unfortunate edifice has suffered, and "the outer pavement now covers the graves of numerous members of this family." Running west from this chapel to the front of the tower we can remember a very picturesque covered walk, in the Renaissance style, known as "Blaggrave's Piazza." This was erected in 1619 by a bequest from Mr. Richard Blaggrave, a once famous mathematician of the town, "Mathesios encomiis celeberrimus," the author (in 1585) of *The Mathematical Jewel* and other long-since forgotten works, whose quaint monument, adorned with female figures presenting him, in cloak and ruff, with the five regular solids, stands against the south wall. The demolition of this cloister is a distinct loss to the picturesqueness of the church, besides wiping out a page in the history of the town. We can only hope that the injured ghost of Mr. Blaggrave broke the slumbers of the sapient town councillors by whom so great a wrong was perpetrated.

We gather from Mr. Kerry's pages that St. Lawrence's has been subjected to the worst form of restoration, a restoration with a dogmatic bias. For many years the parish groaned under the narrowest Puritan rule. During this unhappy period the church endured its first restoration. The then incumbent felt it his duty as a sound Protestant to obliterate every relic of Popery which had escaped the axes and hammers of the iconoclasts of the sixteenth and the fanatics of the seventeenth centuries. There was not much left to destroy. But he went to work with a will, and made a clean sweep of all that could offend Evangelical sensitiveness. Mr. Kerry records with grief that the rood-loft stairs, discovered in 1848, were instantly "filled with rubble and grouting; that the mutilated piscina, sedilia, and aumbries in the chancel (one of the latter retaining a portion of the wood and ironwork of its doors), "previously hidden by a large wooden altar-screen of the Georgian era," shared the same fate, and were "entirely filled up"; that the stalls set up in St. John's Chapel by the bequest of Henry Kelsall, one of the rich clothiers of the town, in 1493, were removed from their original historic position, the chancel arch pulled down and widened, and many other minor equally unjustifiable alterations made. The most lamentable act of destruction remains yet to be mentioned. The removal of the spacious wooden reredos which covered the whole of the east wall was the means of revealing under five successive layers of decoration "a magnificent fresco of the Annunciation" in the lower part of the wall, and on the upper part, above the Transitional triplet, a large painting of seven figures, nearly the size of life, "representing the Transfiguration," the whole of the figures, and especially the faces, being "exquisitely painted." From the rarity of the subject, the excellence of the treatment, and its admirable state of preservation, this example of mediæval religious art demanded the most reverent preservation. But the Vicar, in the spirit, if not in the actual language, of the stern puritanical Synod of Elvira, issued his edict, "placet picturas in ecclesia esse non debere, ne quod colitur et adoratur in parietibus depingatur"; and, as Mr. Kerry feelingly records, "sad to say, this picture was 'hacked down' at his desire while Mr. Billing" (the architect employed in the restoration) "was in London." On the principle "like priest, like people," we cannot feel any surprise that the statues of St. Lawrence and St. Vincent which stood in the niches on either side of the west tower doorway have been banished to the Vicarage garden, and that, "owing to objections having been made by an influential tradesman," the arms of the See of Salisbury (the Blessed Virgin with Our Lord in her arms), on a shield above the doorway, "have not been reproduced." Mr. Kerry's sensible

remarks on this falsification of history deserve to be read and pondered by all would-be church-restorers:—

This is much to be regretted, for in every honest restoration original types should be carefully followed. Ancient edifices are not exponents of modern thought. We restore them in their integrity as relics of the past; as monuments of a bygone age. In stamping them with our own impress we falsify history and the history of art, and proclaim our own incompetence to deal with the precious heirlooms our generous forefathers have bequeathed to their children.

We cannot conceal our surprise and regret that during the repair of 1867, when it might have been hoped that sounder counsels would have prevailed, the richly panelled and painted ceiling in the eastern bay of the nave, "showing the extent of the ancient rood-loft," was removed, together with the dormer windows. One of these certainly dated from 1436, and claimed preservation as an early example of a somewhat unusual architectural feature in ecclesiastical buildings. One would give much to see this noble old church, with all its historical accretions and furniture of various ages, as it stood half a century ago, before it was touched by the "restorer."

We have yet to speak of that which confers on St. Lawrence Church its greatest historic interest, and must make it ever memorable by English Churchmen, its connexion with the great Archbishop whom his present successor on the primatial throne has not scrupled to call "the martyred Laud." Probably no object in the church can be gazed on with deeper feelings than the panelled octagonal font, for the carving and setting up of which "Master Cheyney the mason" was fetched from Wolsey's new works at Hampton Court in 1520, the bribe of a "hosecloth" being given to the overseer to let him come. To this, almost exactly two hundred and ninety years ago, was brought to be baptized the wealthy Broad Street clothier's little firstborn son, who was destined to exercise so powerful and lasting an influence over the Church and realm of England. "That we have our Prayer-book, our altar, even our episcopacy itself, we may, humanly speaking, thank Laud." So writes, and so truly writes, the late Dr. Mozley, adding (the whole passage is still worth reading, *Essays*, vol. i. p. 227), "Laud saved the English Church. That any one of Catholic predilections can belong to the English Church is owing, so far as one can see, to Laud. . . . He stopped her just in time, as she was rapidly going downhill, and he saved all the Catholicism which the reign of Geneva influence had left her." If "the English Church in her Catholic aspect is a memorial of Laud," it would be hard to name a more fitting shrine for the visits of the members of a Congress representing that Church in her most Catholic character, in the truest sense of the term, than the church under whose roof one to whom—with all his faults and mistakes, which were neither few nor unimportant—so immense a debt is due, was admitted into her body, and where the future Archbishop must, as a child, for years have worshipped, submitted to his first catechizing, and received his earliest religious teaching. The entries of the Laud family, printed by Mr. Kerry from the church books, are full of interest. That of the Archbishop's baptism is, to our surprise, not given. We hope the Register has not perished. It would have been interesting to have known the exact day. The house where Laud was born stood on the north side of Broad Street. Its site, according to Mr. Kerry, is now called "Lawd Place." (This spelling "Lawd," not "Laud," is that uniformly found in the Registers.) According to the scurrilous libels which, as he himself remarked, "raked him out of the dunghill," his birthplace was a thatched cottage "between the stocks and the cage." That he "had not the good fortune to be born a gentleman," a charge to which he told Heylin he "pleaded guilty," appears from Mr. Kerry's extracts. His mother's first husband, John Robinson, who, like her second, was a clothier in the town, stands in the Obit Book 1570-71 as "good man Robynson the fuller." On the death of his paternal grandmother in 1578-79, the entry is "Itm for the knill of W^m Lawds mother ij^d 4^d." When in 1593-94, just as his illustrious son, then approaching his twenty-first year, had been admitted a Fellow of St. John's, William Lawd himself died; and seven years later, 1601, his widow—who had watched with so much tender care over her distinguished son's sickly infancy, and just lived to see his ordination—followed him to the grave, the same lowly style is maintained, "Received for Willm Lawds grave vij^d iiij^d 4^d." "R^d for the graue of Wyddowe Lawd & for breking the ground vij^d viij^d 4^d." William Lawd the elder was in a large way of business, "living in a plentiful condition," having several looms in his own house and employing many weavers out of doors. His wife, Lucy Webbe, a native, like himself, of Wokingham, was the sister of a City knight, Sir William Webbe, Lord Mayor of London in 1591. But, however prosperous his trade might be, he was still a trader, and the unwritten law of social etiquette might not be broken. The same pages in which he and his family stand recorded without any complimentary prefix give us "Mrs. Hopkins, Mr. Fülmer, old Mr. Child, Mr. Whitehead of the Queen's Stable," and the like. "Quod generi demas tantum virtutibus addes."

It is not surprising that there are no monuments to be found to the Archbishop's family in St. Lawrence's. Such memorials, as Mr. Kerry remarks, would most certainly have been destroyed by the "Roundheads and Rebels" when quartered in this church in 1643. It does, however, excite some astonishment to read that "there is no memorial in the town of Reading to the Archbishop or his family, although this prelate was one of its greatest benefactors." The Church Congress affords an opportunity for remedying this defect. Many would be found glad to contribute

to a memorial tablet in St. Lawrence's Church, recording the fact of the Archbishop's baptism. We trust that no attempt will be made to "restore" the font. It has been only too severely handled already, having been "submitted to the 'drag,' and its venerable appearance greatly injured during the present century." Something, however, should be done to perpetuate the memory of one of the most conspicuous names in English Church history—certainly the greatest man to whom Reading has given birth. An additional reason for a memorial to Laud in St. Lawrence's Church is that the advowson, which had passed from the Abbey to the King, was purchased by him, and, after being largely augmented, was presented by him to his College of St. John's, Oxford. From this body it passed by exchange, during Bishop Wilberforce's episcopate, to the Bishop of Oxford.

The absorbing interest of the Laud memorials presented by Mr. Kerry has left us little space to speak of the other parts of his most interesting and well-edited volume. We had marked many passages for quotation, especially those relating to the altars, of which there were probably eight in the church, certainly six, the number sold in 1549, when the high altar was bought by one Mr. Bell for 6s. 8d. One was dedicated to St. Blaise, the patron of wool-staplers, with reference to the chief manufacture of the town, and another, dedicated to St. George, was set in the gallery of the rood-loft, with a famous image of the saint on horseback, with "bills, gyrdle, sword, and dagger." Much might be said about the "Holy Loaf," "Singing Bread," "Bride Pastes," and "Bride Cup," such as that from which Leland tells us Philip and Mary drank "hallowed wine and sops" at their ill-assorted wedding in Winchester Cathedral, or that from which Petruccio, in the *Taming of the Shrew*,

Quaffed off the muscadell,
And threw the sops all in the sexton's face.

The pews, the galleries (one built in 1768 by the then Vicar, over the entrance to the chancel, with pews, the rents of which went in augmentation of his salary), the bells, the clock (the earliest mention of which is in 1433), the little Jack with his hammer, that struck the quarters (in 1498-9, 4d. was paid for the "setting of Jak, with the hanging of his bell and mending his hond"), the relics (including a silver-gilt gridiron enshrining a bone of St. Lawrence), the books of Pricksong, vestments, banners, and church plate, the Morice-dancers, Robin Hood, the May-day pastimes, and the Mysteries (10d. was paid in 1507 for "ij. ells of cres cloth for to make Eve a cote"), the Obit Books and list of Collection by Briefs—all furnish illustrations of the life, amusements, habits, and worship of our forefathers which it would be pleasant to dwell on. But for these we must refer our readers to the volume itself. Mr. Kerry may be congratulated on having produced a parochial history worthy to be placed by the side of Mr. Thomas North's admirable volume on St. Martin's, Leicester. Higher praise could not be given.

THICKER THAN WATER.*

IN *Thicker than Water* Mr. Payn shows the familiar freshness and versatility which make him one of the most popular as well as the most prolific of novelists. The story seldom or never drags, and it abounds in sensation of one kind or another. It is true that there is nothing very sensational in the plot, which turns on a surprise for which we are in some measure prepared. But we live among remarkable or original people, who meet with a variety of remarkable and more or less original incidents, as adventures come to the adventurous; while the scenes of the story are perpetually shifting, from town to country, from country back to town, and from the fashionable end of London to the extreme East. Mr. Payn has the gift of a retentive memory with quick powers of observation. And we should suppose that he never throws away a chance, nor misses an opportunity for treasuring up serviceable materials. Doubtless, as in the case of all novelists who devote themselves to the study of the realistic, the casual acquaintances to whom he may be introduced must often be sitting unconsciously to a portrait-painter or caricaturist; while more intimate friends, if their persons are disguised, may recognize in his pages salient features in their idiosyncrasies. Yet it is evidently the opinion of Mr. Payn, as of the most famous masters of the craft, that the character-drawing of a clever novel should be a judicious mingling of the real with the imaginative; and perhaps some of the personages in *Thicker than Water* have even more of the fantastic about them than of the fanciful. There is, for example, Mr. Beryl Peyton, millionaire and philanthropist, who had certainly laboured indefatigably in his lifetime to have the disposition of his property disputed after his death. Mr. Peyton is eccentric, inconsistent, and yet very fairly credible; for a man who shows himself fanatically enthusiastic in his benevolence can hardly be absolutely sane on all other points. The prominence that is given him throughout the book is due not only to his obtrusively combative personality, but to a close connexion with the heroine. Mr. Peyton's eccentricities were an inviting subject for Mr. Payn, since they take us into all manner of strange places and introduce us to all kinds of remarkable company. Peyton, whose heavy purse is always in his hand, delights in monstrosities, both moral and physical. That a man or a woman should have a crotchet serves of itself as

an introduction to him. Nor is he a gentleman who is addicted to doing things by halves. When he holds out a hand to anybody, that person need take no thought for the morrow, although he must always count with the chance of falling out of his protector's good graces. To do him justice, however, Peyton is long-suffering itself, and nothing but the most shortsighted selfishness is likely to alienate him. He is so long-suffering, indeed, that he is generally supposed to be shortsighted, though he has the sharpest of eyes for the foibles of his fellow-creatures. In reality he is a benevolent misanthrope, if the two terms are compatible; he sees his self-seeking protégés with their native deformities; but then he expects very little of human nature. Nothing short of some exceptional exhibition of malignity induces him to have any of them brought up for judgment, or to sentence them on conviction to summary expulsion from his paradise. For in his magnificent mansion of Letcombe Hall in Dorsetshire, Mr. Peyton has assembled a houseful of fortune-hunters. Superficially brilliant men and women who, notwithstanding their cleverness, have been disastrous social failures, have their board, their lodging, and even their washing gratis. They live in clover and pass their leisure in plotting and backbiting. Every man or woman of them is looking for a legacy, and grudging the others their hopes of the reversion of Mr. Peyton's wealth. His generous hospitality gives tacit encouragement to expectations which from the first we see to be chimerical. But it is a happy thought of Mr. Payn when he casts his womanly though spirited heroine, with the young man who is in a fair way of winning her affections, into that hideous assemblage of scoundalmongers. No doubt the young lady has influential friends and protectors in Mr. Peyton himself and his kindly old wife. Yet we are made to feel ever-increasing anxiety as to the maiden whose reputation is at the mercy of unscrupulous conspirators, and whose girlish want of caution is likely to play her false. And our interest is made to culminate in the highly dramatic scene where her character is triumphantly vindicated from calumny and her enemies are signally discomfited. By a neat stroke of retributive justice, the charges forged against her recoil on those who had invented them, and it is her enemies who are thrust out of Mr. Peyton's doors.

Mr. Payn brings all his ingenuity to bear on the vicissitudes that befall his heroine and the difficulties that beset her. Although it is only for a brief space of time that she endures actual privations and anxieties, her fortunes to the last are sufficiently precarious. Apparently with no relations in particular, she has nevertheless friends influential enough to procure her an excellent situation. Under the roof of the wealthy Mrs. Beckett in Park Lane, she is treated rather as a petted daughter than a hired companion; and, had all gone according to the wishes of her patroness, she might have married well and been comfortably dowered. Unfortunately for her, though in all innocence and unconsciousness, she becomes the successful rival of the middle-aged but still comely Mrs. Beckett. Then we have a very pretty analysis of the results of feminine disappointment and vindictiveness. Mrs. Beckett naturally gives herself no time to think, and her high-spirited though hitherto complacent companion is insulted beyond the possibility of immediate reconciliation. The next scenes in Miss Marvon's strange, eventful history are more amusing, if less exciting, than those when she has subsequently found a refuge in the mansion of Mr. Peyton. Nothing can be in greater contrast with the splendours of Letcombe or Park Lane than the genteel squalor of Tidman's private hotel and boarding-house. Yet, human nature being much the same everywhere, we have the same petty cliques, the same paltry jealousies, the same displays of miserable spite among the pauperized old gentlewomen in the poverty-stricken boarding-house. But, if Miss Marvon's generous faith in the moral beauties of mankind had been shaken by her somewhat melancholy experiences, it might have been restored by the constancy, under the clouds of adversity, of a gay young admirer whom she had snubbed in Park Lane. Mr. Charles Sotheron is made extremely amusing and a thoroughly good fellow besides. He is introduced to us with a happy touch which is highly suggestive of his character. He goes to pay a morning visit to the rich Mrs. Beckett. The stately butler "preceded him up the staircase with much solemnity, but on the landing paused, perceiving that the visitor was not following him. 'All right, my man,' said a cheerful voice from below, 'I will be with you at the finish, but I really cannot go your pace.' Then he came up three steps at a bound, just in time to be announced at the drawing-room door as Mr. Sotheron." Mr. Sotheron carries himself with just as much independence towards the pompous chief-butler's mistress, though he treats her as a lady and as his senior, and with somewhat more respect than her servant. But he shows her that he holds her riches in very little regard, and Mrs. Beckett likes him none the worse for that. He is almost as much put out as the wealthy widow when he discovers that, like her, he has a rival in his love affairs; but he behaves in a very different manner. He is touched in the heart rather than in his pride. So, with rare self-restraint in a young man of impetuous nature, he controls his feelings and awaits his time. The time appears at last to have come for him when Miss Marvon has exchanged a life of indolent luxury for hard labour in copying law papers at "Tidman's." He bursts upon her in the dingy little reception-room like a gleam of sunshine, to be richly repaid by the warmth of his welcome, and the hopes of future interviews still more affectionate.

As good as Charlie Sotheron, though in a very different style,

* *Thicker than Water*. By James Payn, Author of "By Proxy," &c.
London: Longmans & Co.

is the old family lawyer, Mr. Rennie, who has likewise fallen in love with Miss Marvon, although his attachment is purely platonic. Her courage under privations touches him so deeply that he actually forgets his hardened business habits, and sends her law documents to be unnecessarily copied in duplicate, paying her double the regulation price. Mr. Rennie is so clever as to have made himself almost indispensable to his clients; and he is rich enough to be comparatively indifferent as to whether they dispense with his assistance or not. Consequently he figures in some capably devised scenes, where he takes advantage of being called upon for professional advice to tell unpalatable home truths to Mrs. Beckett and Mr. Peyton. Excellent in his way too, although repulsive, is Mr. Ralph Dornay, a cynical, time-serving old man of the world, who is absolutely unscrupulous as to how he may live, so long as he is constrained neither to toil nor to spin. He toadies or tries to carry it with a high hand according to circumstances. Consequently, it is quite unnecessary to say that a novelist with Mr. Payn's powers of invention is sure to land Mr. Dornay in embarrassing dilemmas. Hitherto he has hung on to his nephew, the head of the house of Dornay, and the master of their heavily mortgaged acres, when he is induced to pay his court to Mrs. Beckett with a fair promise of success. There is an admirable episode when he is compelled to choose between giving deadly offence to the one or to the other. As may be imagined, the prospect of unlimited wealth in the future gets the better of gratitude for many favours in the past. Mr. Ralph decides for the rich widow, throwing over his nephew; and we naturally expect that he will himself be thrown over in turn. But the author subordinates the punishment of the old toady to more pressing artistic considerations. Mrs. Beckett, although we are inclined to sympathize with her sufferings, must smart for her high-handed dealings with the unprotected heroine. Nor could any better way of punishing her be devised than that of placing herself and her ample revenues at the disposal of a selfish tyrant like Ralph Dornay, who knows well that she never really cared for him. Fortunately the marriage of Miss Mary Marvon is a much happier one; nor has Mr. Sotheron any reason to repent his constancy.

FORESTRY.*

IN the application of science to forestry Great Britain can in no degree pretend to vie with the leading nations of the Continent, nor can she in the literature of silviculture lay claim to the profusion, the variety, or the systematic treatment to which the study has attained in Germany and France. At the pre-scientific period of English letters many a learned and enthusiastic treatise bore ample witness to the national love of woodland life, with its manifold attractions for the sportsman, the naturalist, or the sentimental wooer of the dryads or wood nymphs. The legal aspect of the subject was ably presented in Manwood's *Forest Laws* as early as the year 1598, and much antiquarian lore was brought together in Sir Henry Spelman's contemporary *List of English Forests*. In Evelyn's *Sylva* we have the embodiment of what was felt to be the ideal life of an English country gentleman, recalling, in its keen enjoyment of nature, as well as in the charm of its scholarly periods, the idyllic pictures of Virgil and Horace. Not less sympathetic with the pure and genial life of the woodlands and the art of silviculture are the writings of Francis Bacon and Sir Thomas Browne. It was not so much in their bearing upon the arts of life, or the wider utilitarian aspect in which forests are now mostly regarded, that the sylvan products of nature were looked upon by these worthies of a bygone age, nor was it towards the end of preserving or enhancing the wealth of the woodlands that the legislation of that earlier time was directed. It was incidentally and indirectly alone that laws were laid down against the devastation and destruction of forests. It was as affording shelter and covert for game that the woods were prized and upheld, the essential characteristic of a forest, as intimated by Manwood, being that it was set apart for the purpose of royal sport. There can be little doubt, after much discussion of the etymology, that in *foresta*, which first appears in the capitulars of Charlemagne, we have the Latinized form of the German *forst*, much the same thing in point of meaning as Spelman drove at in the quaint derivation *quod fores restat*, "what remains outside the town," correctly describing a state of things that the country had known from the time of Cæsar. The timber-trees which in modern times are supposed to be the constituents of a forest are treated in the laws of the forest chiefly, if not exclusively, as covert for wild animals. "A forest," writes Manwood, "must always have beasts of venery abiding in it, otherwise it is no forest; and if there be neither

beast of forest nor beast of chase in the same, then may men fell their woods that they have within the forest and destroy their covers, for that there are no wild beasts remaining in it to have cover therein." To the same effect is Blackstone's definition of forests as "waste grounds belonging unto the king, replenished with all manner of chase or venery, which are under the king's protection for the sake of his recreation and delight." The logical *differentia* of a forest, under the broad genus of land, lay thus in its being a royal hunting-ground, its being wooded forming no more than an accident. Paradoxical as it may appear to a modern reader, there may be a forest where there are no trees, and any number and extent of trees without constituting a forest; neither is there anything nonsensical in the trite proverbial saying that the forest is not to be seen for the trees.

It is, however, not so much in connexion with the chase as with its economical or utilitarian aspect that the study of forestry now presses for attention. The neglect of silviculture, whether as a branch of natural science or as a constituent of natural wealth, is little short of a disgrace to our country. When some ten or twelve years ago the necessity of forest conservation in India, owing to the ruthless waste of timber, was forced upon the Government, all that the official head of the new department, Mr. H. Leeds, could do was to visit, with introductions from the Foreign Office, the forest schools of Saxony and France, where, under systematic training, a staff of officers was organized for the purpose. For a popular sketch of the methods pursued in the Continental schools, as well as a general outline of the history of forest cultivation and of the laws relating to woodcraft, the chase, the rights to timber and firewood, and the conservation of woodlands, the thanks of the public are due to Mr. John Croumbie Brown, who, in one of the little works we have now to bring under review, has given a compendious view of the important French Forest Ordinance of 1669, the basis of all existent forest legislation in France, with notices of the previous treatment of forests in that country; and in another, has treated with all the fulness admitted by its scanty limits, the origin of the forests of England, and their management in bygone times. Starting from what is to be known of Great Britain as a woodland country at the time of the Roman invasion, Mr. Brown selects for special illustration Sherwood, Epping, Dean, and the New Forest. Notices are added of "chases" which, by grant of the sovereign to subjects, ceased to constitute forests, such as those of Malvern, Cannock, and Hatfield. Like chases, parks must, according to Manwood, be royal grants, containing beasts of the chase, but differing from chases and forests in being enclosed. Among these Windsor is the most conspicuous. Warrens, described in old time as "franchises or free places privileged by prescription or grant from the king for the keeping of hares and coverts of partridges and pheasants," some adding quails, woodcocks, and waterfowl, come within Mr. Brown's scope, as do also extinct and submerged forests. But the main purport of his work, which has inspired a series of pamphlets and scattered notices from his pen, is concerned with practical measures for the conservation and management of this element of national wealth. Not in England alone, but in India and the colonies, the devastation of wood by man's recklessness or neglect has been such as to threaten all but an extinction of the natural supply. Forest fires are in general credited with the most thorough and widespread destruction; but it may be questioned whether human greed is not wont to outdo the forces of nature in destructiveness. A local correspondent of the *Times* recalled lately with apparent authority a fire which raged from Maine through New Brunswick in the year 1825, laying waste six thousand square miles, or four hundred thousand acres of wood, which notwithstanding was made good by nature's bounty within sixty years, whereas this vast area did not come up to a tenth part of that cut in a single season by the woodman's axe. Evelyn's saying that men seldom plant trees until they begin to be wise—i.e. till they grow old, and find by experience the necessity for it—is not less true of communities and Governments. And what Government has been so tardy in growing wise as our own? England alone of European nations possesses no school of forestry. When the first efforts were made by the Government of India to organize a service for engineering purposes at Cooper's Hill, it was found necessary to supplement the instruction there provided by a course at one of the forest schools of Germany. Austria has no less than nine of these schools, headed by the Imperial High School of Agriculture and Forestry at Vienna, with six professors and 329 students. In Prussia there are the institutions of Neustadt-Eberswalde, Münden, and Grosse-Schönebeck. Saxony, Wurtemberg, Baden, Bavaria, Hesse-Darmstadt, and Saxe-Weimar have each a school. In Switzerland the department of forestry forms the fifth division of the Federal Polytechnic School at Zurich. France has the admirable school of Nancy, with several other agricultural and agronomic colleges. Russia has four such schools; Italy, Spain, and Denmark one apiece; and in the United States forestry is taught in the State Agricultural College at Lansing, Michigan. Although we have no such scheme of instruction at home, yet systematic co-operation is at length to some extent bearing fruit in our great Eastern dependency, in the direction pointed out some years ago in Mr. Hugh Cleghorn's *Forests and Gardens of South India*, and energetically urged upon the attention of Government by Mr. Brown.

In Mr. Macgregor's treatise, which in its hyper-scientific aspect presents a curious contrast with the unpretending character of the preceding works, we get a considerable insight into the systematic management of forests practised on the Continent, and methodically taught in the colleges of the principal States. The

* *French Forest Ordinance of 1669; with Historical Sketch of Previous Treatment of Forests in France.* Compiled and Translated by John Croumbie Brown, LL.D., formerly Lecturer on Botany in University and King's College, Aberdeen, &c. Edinburgh: Oliver & Boyd. London: Simpkin, Marshall, & Co., 1883.

The Forests of England, and the Management of them in Bygone Times. Compiled by John Croumbie Brown, LL.D., formerly Lecturer on Botany in University and King's College, Aberdeen, &c. Edinburgh: Oliver & Boyd. London: Simpkin, Marshall, & Co., 1883.

The Organization and Valuation of Forests on the Continental System, in Theory and Practice. By J. L. Macgregor. London: Wyman & Sons. Calcutta: Thacker, Spink, & Co. Bombay: Thacker & Co. Melbourne: George Robertson. 1883.

amount of technical knowledge displayed in its compilation shows the writer to have qualified himself for the task by a formal course in one or more of the forest schools of Germany, whilst its utter want of literary form leads to the surmise that he has simply put into print the crude notes of a set of lectures of this kind. What is to be regretted is that in his familiarity with foreign requirements and usages, and his habituation to the prodigious scale of forest culture in practice abroad, he has wholly lost sight of what is suited to the comparatively humble needs of our island, and the unscientific stage at which the intelligence of the British forester may be said to stand. He presupposes a knowledge of sylviculture which must be rare in our national destitution of special training; and in labouring to introduce a forest terminology, which he admits to be unknown to the English language, he encumbers himself with forms of speech and a technical nomenclature outlandish and hard to follow. Mathematical formulæ are introduced with a profusion wholly uncalled for in practice, and with a disregard to the exigencies of the average reader which savours of contempt. There is more effort for the show of knowledge than for the relief of ignorance. An eye accustomed to take in within reasonable geographical limits an area of the size of Great Britain or of France or Germany, can be with difficulty focussed to the microscopic survey of our modest patches of a few thousand acres. We may be grateful for "experiential tables" based upon the felling and measuring of 40,220 trees in Bavaria, or 70,546 in Prussia, of different kinds, ages, and dimensions, and for the establishment of co-efficients of bulk and value by aid of curves eliminating irregularities. In calculating the average yearly return on the capital outlay upon a complete series of forest growth, the prospective value of a woodland group, or the actual worth of a standing stock, many readers may feel confidence in an arithmetical formula having a numerator and denominator of a dozen or so factors apiece; but the plain business-like proprietor will not be encouraged in pinning his faith to mathematical certainties on being told that estimates of this imposing aspect only apply to a model or ideal forest, as "representing a state of things which, though theoretically perfect, is never quite attainable in practice." Where plantations are maintained on the scale and with the artificial regularity of the State forests of Austria or Saxony, it may be of service to determine the cubic contents and consequent marketable value of the group or revolution of timber in multiples of the "model, sample, representative, or average tree." But where is such typical specimen to be selected out of a sylvan wealth so varied as that of Sherwood or the New Forest, where oak and beech and chestnut vie with each other in superiority of numbers, and where the monarch of a thousand years holds his court among the saplings of a season? In determining the available contents of a group, or the average age of the trees contained in it, the respective merits of Draudt's or Pressler's or Hartig's method may divide the critical judgment of the professional guardians or surveyors of the great Continental forests, without our Verderers or Commissioners of Woods and Forests much concerning themselves with so abstract a problem. Will it be thought worth the while of woodmen of our practical class to master and to pass as current such borrowings from foreign sylviculture as "revolution" and "station" and "coupe"? Still less welcome to our taste is what is introduced as Cotta's modification, by which method we learn that "the compartments of a forest were assigned to *affectations*, each of which comprised the same number of coupes." What most interests us in Mr. Macgregor's book is the details he supplies of the organization of the *personnel* or grades of the working staff in the vast State forests of the Continent, the inferior branch consisting of guards or under-foresters and rangers, the superior branch being divided into assistant-conservators, deputy-conservators, conservators, and inspectors-general, the last-named official exercising supervision over the whole system of the country. The work at head-quarters lies in the main in collecting and making up statistics, such as those Bavarian tables which have proved most useful throughout Germany, albeit, as our author admits, little suited to the limited acreage under the control of private persons. Mapping out, as he does, his acres by the million, so abstract or hypothetical is his method of grouping as to make light of any natural difference between one tree and another. The same contempt for minor differences is shown in his elaborate tables for computing at a glance the cubic contents of logs and tree trunks of given diameter, as well as the sum of their basal areas, each tree being treated as an exact cylinder. Worked out as his system of sylviculture has been within the walls of the lecture theatre rather than in the field of nature, his studies might yet have made him acquainted with the painstaking investigations of M. Trouvelot, who measured tens of thousands of trees to satisfy himself of the ellipticity of the stem, the major axis disposed from east to west, the southern face being swollen by the sun's action upon the sap. Hence the need, which the French savant thought himself the first to announce, of taking care when transplanting trees to set them with the same face towards the sun, lest they should perish owing to the disturbance of the circulation. It is a pity that scientific arborists should not have time or taste enough for classical reading to be aware that these presumed discoveries were perfectly well known to the rustics of Virgil's time:—

Quinetiam cœli regionem in cortice signant;
Ut, quo quaque modo steterit, qua parte calores
Austros tulerit, quæ terga obverterit axi,
Restituant: adeo in teneris consuescere multum est.

Georg. II. 269-272.

The vastly more extensive scale on which the Continental forester is wont to labour has led to the introduction of several handy and expeditious instruments, of which the use and even the name will, it is likely, seem strange to his British compeer. The Diameter measure, for taking the girth of trees, will commend itself as more correct as well as more rapid in action than the simple measuring line or tape, consisting of two graduated arms sliding upon each other, especially as it gives the means of measuring the ellipticity of the bole. More useful than the theodolite for estimating the height of trees is the Reflecting Hypsometer of Faustmann, which is figured and explained by Mr. Macgregor, as is also a less promising apparatus for determining the cubic contents of amorphous wood-stems, branches of spray, and other *débris* or refuse of squared timber. The graphic method of finding the cubic contents of trees in groups is one of the valuable instances of the application of curves, set out by ordinate and abscissa, brought into use by Baur. Owing to the advances made in so many directions by the forest schools of Germany, under the headship in the main of the late able Dr. Mayer, forestry may be looked upon as in a fair way to take rank as a science. A beneficial impulse can hardly fail to be given to it by the International Exhibition of Forestry announced to be held at Edinburgh next year. The more scientific methods in use upon the Continent and elsewhere may be expected to bear important fruit when engrafted upon the primitive and rude yet healthful stock of sense which experience has so long kept alive at home.

THROUGH THE ZULU COUNTRY.*

THERE are two styles of writing which are bad enough if they are kept apart, but which become almost unbearable when united. It is against this offensive union that we have had to struggle in reading Mr. Mitford's narrative. In the first place, he uses two or three very big words when one would do much better. He apparently thinks that there is some humour in not calling a spade a spade. He would describe it by some roundabout words derived from the Latin. This kind of writing had, we believe, its birth among the penny-a-liners, but has been carried to its highest pitch by the newspaper Correspondents. For making a very little matter go a great way it is certainly unsurpassed. It is also admirable as a mechanical and most easy means of jocularitv. Among the masters of this style Mr. Mitford is in the front rank. But, in the next place, he aims at the picturesque. He has caught those few tricks of writing and that baker's dozen of words on which the modern word-painters ring all their dull changes. He has "glint" and "weird" and "shimmer" and "deft" and "albeit" and the rest at his fingers' ends. He describes his departure from Southampton, and he tells us how, as the steamer passed down the Channel, "the wailing scream of gulls rings weirdly through the twilight." We have at the present day got into the habit of so contentedly reading nonsense, if only it is masked beneath fine words, that likely enough such a sentence as this is not noticed as being very silly or unmeaning. Yet "wail" is one kind of sound, "scream" is another, and a very different kind, and "ring" is a third. The changes might be pleasantly rung on them all. Thus we might just as well have been told that "the screaming wail rings," or "the ringing wail screams," or "the ringing scream wails." As for "weirdly," we give it up as a hopeless job. It is useless to struggle against fashion when it is at its height, and "weird" and "weirdly" are having their day. The time will come, and shortly perhaps, when they will descend to the kitchen. They have, we believe, already reached the lady's-maid, and are looked upon with some degree of favour even by the footman. It is not till our author has to tell of thunder and lightning that he shows all that he can do. Unfortunately many storms break upon him, and upon his readers too. On such occasions his words are like the rain which he describes. They "come down literally in spouts." We have in one storm "lurid gleams forking," "lightning glinting weirdly," "steely, vivid flashes," "a dazzling sheetiness." Happily at last "the thunder-claps lost *verve*, and the storm-king rushes off with sullen roar." We much prefer the account an old farmer gave the other morning of a storm that had broken over his house the night before. "Through a cracked pane in his room," he said, "he had heard the lightning go hissing by." We have scarcely got over each piece of fine writing before we are treated to a specimen of the other style. Thus, for instance, on the same page on which we read of "a broad path of livid phosphorescence" we find smoking a pipe described as "distilling the fragrant weed." What in one line is called "jorums of black coffee" in the next is an "invigorating decoction." The grass that the author's pony is to eat each day is called "his steed's diurnal graze." A Zulu who takes a pinch of snuff without wasting any of it "transfers every particle of the pungent mixture to his nasal cavities." Feet are called "pedal extremities." A man who is not familiar with the ford over a river is said to be "unacquainted with its idiosyncrasies," and the crocodiles who live in the stream are called "its saurian inhabitants." Two brief quotations will show the two styles which Mr. Mitford has equally at his command. In the following passage he is describing how he sailed by

* *Through the Zulu Country: its Battlefields and its People.* By Bertram Mitford, late of the Cape Civil Service, Author of "Our Arms in Zululand." With Five Illustrations. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co. 1883.

the Peak of Teneriffe. He had already in a few lines told us how the Peak loomed, and reared up 13,000 feet sheer, and towered, and gleamed red, and started abruptly from the sea, and reigned in solitary stateliness:—

A cloud had enshrouded the mighty Peak, and as we glided between it and the surrounding islands, whose dark shapes wrapped in shadowy gloom stood weirdly out into the moonlit waters, it seemed as if we were voguing (*sic*) on an enchanted sea.

Against this piece of fine writing we will set the easy penny-aline style in which he contrasts the honesty of the Zulu and the Englishman:—

If the fact of the Zulu being given to sharp practice, even at times bordering on rascality, in a bargain be cited as nullifying his other good qualities, I would simply ask if our own commercial mercury is exceptionally exalted.

Unfortunately, there is not much interesting matter to set off against this intolerable vulgarity of style. We are too familiar with travels in a waggon in South Africa to find much novelty in what Mr. Mitford has to tell us. He journeyed, it is true, from the scene of one battle-field to that of another in Zululand; but the account of what he saw is often painful, if not indeed offensive. For instance, he visited a mountain where an English officer was killed. The exact manner of his death is unknown; but our author standing on the spot "could," he says, "picture the whole scene." To those who still mourn the fallen man such a picture as the following can cause nothing but pain:—

The desolate ravine, alive with grim dark figures and flashing spear* glancing through the long grass—the hills echoing with exultant shouts as nearer and surer those pitiless savage warriors closed in upon their prey securely trapped in that lonely defile—and the doomed Briton at bay, his back to the hill, the branched canopy overhead and the bounding water-course at his feet. Then the wild "Usutu" pealing in ferocious triumph—a sudden rush—and all is over.

Poor though this narrative is as a whole, yet in parts we have found it interesting. It is not everywhere smothered beneath the weight of words which the author has laid on it. His journey in itself was in one respect a very surprising one. Through a wild country over which we had carried a fierce war so short a while before, amidst a race of men who, however much they may have raised themselves above their neighbours, nevertheless are savages, he was able to travel in perfect safety. We are sure that no German who had wandered over France three years after Sedan would have anywhere met with such friendliness as Mr. Mitford everywhere encountered among the Zulus three years after Ulundi. He was accompanied only by two or three natives, who were his servants, and he had with him in his waggon articles that a Zulu must have sorely coveted; yet, so far from having any violence done to him, he did not even suffer from thieving. One evening he was encamped on a high ridge. "The sound of deep voices and the rattle of assegai handles betoken new arrivals, and dropping their weapons in the grass three tall Zulus stride up, and with their open stately salute, 'Inkos', raising the hand above the head, squat themselves on the ground." A talk began, and they told how they had fought against the English. They had not liked, they said, the shells at all. One would fall in the midst of a group, and "arms, and legs, and heads flew in every direction." The action of the Gatling gun was thus described by some other Zulus. "You stand still, and only by turning something round make the bodies of our warriors fly to pieces; legs here, arms there, heads everywhere." They asked about Cetwayo, and were pleased to learn that he was well cared for. "He was a good king, and beloved by all the people." When Mr. Mitford asked them whether he had not killed a great many, they answered:—"No; not many. A few were killed for witchcraft, but that was all right. If he (the speaker) were guilty of witchcraft, he would deserve to be killed too." This feeling for Cetwayo was, our author writes, shared by the bulk of the people. "When I left the country," he adds, "it was with the impression that he was the most popular man in Zululand." When the three Zulus gathered up their assegais and started off upon their way Mr. Mitford says:—"Looking after their erect, well-knit figures, I could not but think them fine fellows; not a trace of resentment, no rankling bitterness towards their conquerors; the war is a thing of the past, and themselves as cordial and open towards the stranger as though it had never been." The only signs that were to be seen of war were the sad traces still left on the battle-fields, and the ruins of the great kraals that had been burnt. Everywhere else there were "cattle grazing quietly and securely; Zulus passing to and fro, always cheerful and apparently contented." A more thoroughly good-humoured race than these people can hardly be found, if we can trust our author. "They never seem out of spirits, always cheerful and lively, ready at a jest, too." They possess, he adds, a readiness to forgive and forget. They have been conquered by us; but that is past, and there's an end of it. But while they welcome the Englishman wherever he goes with the same cheerful and hearty greeting, they hold, Mr. Mitford says, their Transvaal neighbours in abhorrence. "The very mention of the Boers would evoke strong expressions of contempt and detestation." Mr. Mitford more than once praises their good-breeding. They have all the instincts of a gentleman, he says. Among them he never found any one who bragged of what he had done in the war against us. They are nature's gentlemen, however, and not society's. The religious world, he writes, and, perhaps with some justice, think that the first thing to do with a native is to clothe him. Now "the Zulu in his normal garb is a fine noble-looking fellow; clap a tweed suit and a shirt collar upon him, not omitting a chimney-pot hat, or even a wideawake, and

you turn him into an awkward ungainly barbarian, looking and feeling thoroughly ridiculous and uncomfortable." Some of them, but by no means all, are too much given to begging. Thus the great chief Dabulamanzi begged first for a gun, then for some clothes, and when they were refused, for some gin. To this last request there was an easy answer. He was in John Dunn's district, where, according to our author, liquor can neither be sold nor given away. In Kafir-land, and "in the locations along the Cape frontier," where there are canteens everywhere, the natives, he says, are ruined by drink. But where Dunn rules there is not a drop to be had. The result is that, "instead of the slouching drunken barbarians of the Cape border, you find the well-made intellectual-looking Zulu, with his open greeting and cheery smile." With his trip Mr. Mitford was so well pleased that he thinks that anybody who desired a complete change and a few months of life in the open air might do worse than follow his example. Why cannot Sir Wilfrid Lawson lead forth a swarm of ardent teetotallers to this happy land where drink cannot be got either by begging or buying? He would only have to master the Zulu tongue, and he would be sure to find everywhere troops of admirers; for, writes our author, "anything in the shape of a joke will elicit roars of merriment. I have seen a group of Zulus roll on the ground and laugh till the tears ran down their cheeks at the antics and repartee of a native Joe Miller."

SCOTLAND IN PAGAN TIMES.*

THIS volume contains the lecture delivered by Mr. Anderson, the Keeper of the National Museum, in 1881, on being a second time appointed Rhind Lecturer by the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland. His lectures on "Scotland in Early Christian Times" have been already published. He now turns his attention to the antiquities of the period prior to the introduction of Christianity. In the present series of lectures he investigates the remains of the Iron Age, and promises at a future time to deal with those of the Bronze and Stone Ages. Mr. Anderson in his first two lectures gives a detailed and interesting account of the weapons and ornaments which have been found as burial hoards in sepulchres, or in other places of concealment in various parts of Scotland. These are chiefly Scandinavian in character, and the presumption is that the grave-mounds from which they have been taken covered the remains of the invading Vikings. Though not strictly speaking belonging to Celtic art, Mr. Anderson has dwelt upon these interesting relics as being illustrative of the Pagan art of the period, of which he has been unable to collect any peculiarly Scottish specimens. As he feelingly observes, "uninstructed excavators have some respect for stone and bronze, but old iron is shovelled into oblivion without a moment's hesitation." Celtic bronze has come better off than iron, as Mr. Anderson is enabled to give representations of mirrors, armlets, and other objects which he considers have features distinctively Celtic in character. From this he arrives at the conclusion that the early Christian art of Scotland was a product of the already existing pagan art upon which it was founded. That art had in Scotland certain features peculiar to the country, and not traceable in the sister kingdoms. It differed from the Christian art of a later time chiefly by its want of what we call a pattern, such as leaf-work, interlaced work, scrolls, or geometrical designs, which were probably afterwards borrowed from Greek, Roman, or Etruscan art. More attention was paid to the design of the form than to nicety of surface decoration; hence there is but little use of engraving or "chased ornamentation." This early art was chiefly employed in the making of personal ornaments or in beautifying arms and horse-furniture; and Mr. Anderson is of opinion that it exhibits, not only great technical skill in working in metals, but also much knowledge in mixing alloys, polishing and setting precious stones, and fabricating of enamels. The historical value of such remains, as evidence of the character and genius of the natives which produced them, should not be lost sight of. What these silent witnesses have to testify as to the artistic capabilities of the Celt Mr. Anderson puts into the following words:—

But there is further implied an artistic spirit controlling and combining the results of these various processes, giving elegance and beauty of a peculiar cast to the forms of the objects, and increasing the intrinsic elegance and beauty of the form by the harmonious blending of its special varieties of surface decoration, in which forms that are solidly modelled are intermingled with chaste or engraved patterns and spaces filled with colour. A style of art characterised by such originality of design and excellence of execution must count for something in the history of a nation's progress, must have its place to fill in the history of art itself, when once we have begun to realise the fact that art was not the exclusive privilege of classic antiquity.

The most interesting part of Mr. Anderson's book is that which is devoted to those very curious archæological remains found throughout Scotland and known by the name of "brochs," on which he is the greatest authority. These are circular towers of unbewn stone, built up without mortar or cement of any kind. Only three specimens of this peculiar class of buildings are known to exist south of the Caledonian valley. North of it, and in the islands adjacent to the coast, they number between three and four hundred. Mr. Anderson takes the "broch" of Moussa, one of the Shetland Isles, as a specimen by examination of which one may arrive at some knowledge of the construction of these

* *Scotland in Pagan Times—the Iron Age.* By Joseph Anderson, LL.D. Edinburgh: David Douglas. 1883.

singular edifices, which seem all to have been built upon the same general plan. After a close investigation, in which he gives the thickness of walls, width of doorways, and general measurements of every several part, he thus sums up the result of his survey:—

Let us now group the main features of this singular building. It is a circular tower, composed of a dry-built wall 15 feet thick, enclosing a court 20 feet in diameter. The wall rises to a height of 45 feet, and has no opening to the outside except the doorway which gives access to the court. Opening from the court are a series of chambers on the ground floor constructed in the thickness of the wall and rudely vaulted with overlapping masonry. Above these are successive ranges of level galleries, also in the thickness of the wall, each going round the tower, and placed so that the roof of the one below always forms the floor of the next above. These galleries are crossed successively by a stair from which access to them is obtained by facing round in the ascent and stepping across the vacant space forming the well of the stair. The three lower galleries only are lighted, and the windows are placed in vertical ranges so close to each other as to be separated only by their upper and lower lintels.

It is obvious, as Mr. Anderson points out, that this building was intended as a place of strength, but at the same time its distinctive features make it "incapable of association by way of relationship with any variety of castle known in historic times." He then proceeds to show that it is almost identical with the round towers of the mainland of Scotland. Although they occasionally vary in the details, they have all certain features in common that separate them from all other buildings of the kind known. They are circular towers, hollow in the centre, with the rooms contained in the thickness of the encircling wall, and opening only into the central court, into which there is only one entrance from without. As they are now nearly all in ruins, there is no possibility of getting an accurate notion of the height to which they were originally raised; but sundry authorities, writing in the last century, as quoted by Mr. Anderson, state the height of these structures as when existing at from 20 to 40 feet, so that it is probable that height as well as strength was aimed at in their construction. They generally contained a well in the centre, and in some cases the cottagers of the neighbourhood still come to these "Round towers of other days" for the water which they drink as well as the stones of which they rear their walls. In some instances these brochs were supplied with drains to run off the waste water from the central court, as though the builders had had an eye to increasing the comfort of the broch as a dwelling-place, as well as to ensuring its strength as a refuge in case of attack.

These round towers of the Scottish Celts have nothing in common with the round towers reared by their brother Celts on the other side of the sea in Ireland, except that both were primarily intended for purposes of defence. Mr. Anderson shows that there is no single point of resemblance between these two classes of buildings as far as concerns the construction, except the circular form. At the same time it is noteworthy that in both countries the position of these towers has been determined by the same motive—the desire of protecting from the plundering hand of the invader the most precious possessions of the tribe or clan. Thus in Ireland we find the round tower raised near the site of the church or religious community, so that the brethren could fly there for refuge with their books and the treasure of the church on the first alarm of the approach of the invading pagan horsemens, whose heathen fury was always fiercely turned against the ecclesiastical buildings. In Scotland the brochs are most frequent in the fertile tracts of the country where the land was either under the plough or used as pasture, as though to provide harbours of refuge where cattle and grain could be safely housed along with their owners when any hostile band of marauders swept over the face of the land. This being the purpose for which they were used, it is clear that the brochs must have been built by the race in possession of the land, and from the peculiarities of their construction, Mr. Anderson argues that these could have been none other than Celts. The circular wall, with rooms built in its thickness, is to be met with in Wales, Ireland, and Cornwall, though not found outside the Celtic area; but the peculiar arrangement of stair and galleries characteristic of the brochs is confined to Scotland alone. He, therefore, holds these Celts entitled to lay claim to a unique school of architecture, as well as of monumental art, the excellence of which depends on its usefulness rather than its beauty:—

It has no special beauty of form, nor is there evident in any of its parts the least attempt at ornamentation or decorative construction. But, judged by its proper standard—the measure of its fitness for its special purpose—its peculiar characteristics fulfil the most exacting requirements of architectural criticism. The fact that this peculiar type of structure exists only in one area must necessarily have some significance in relation to the history of architecture; but the fact that their remains may still be counted by hundreds must also have great significance in relation to the unwritten history of Scotland, for it is obvious that the presence within its area of this vast series of massive structures, so closely alike in their general features, and so admirably contrived in their special arrangements, implies a wide-spread concentration of thought and energy towards a common object which is found only in communities that have attained to a comparatively high condition of general culture and social organization.

Some knowledge of the nature of the domestic life led by the dwellers in these brochs may be gathered from the consideration of the remains which have been found in them. To such an examination Mr. Anderson devotes one of his lectures, and he gives not only minute descriptions, but pictures of most of these interesting relics, at the excavation of not a few of which he himself personally assisted. These relics may be divided into two classes; the one including all manufactured articles, such as utensils for domestic use and implements of industry; the other consisting of the refuse of the food of the inhabitants, such as bones of animals,

shells of shell-fish, or charred remains of grain. The nature of the utensils and implements plainly show that the people who used them were far removed from the primitive state of pre-historic man. Hand-mills are found in every broch, cups, bowls, and lamps made of hollowed stone, and the ruder sorts of pottery, ornaments of metal and beads and bracelets of jet; while, as well as the weapons and implements for warfare and the chase, the needles, spindle-wheels, and long-handle bone combs for bringing home the weft on the upright loom, prove that they were familiar with the peaceful arts of sewing, spinning, and weaving. It is noteworthy that the bones of the reindeer are commonly found among the animal remains—a proof that it is not so very long since that animal was to be found in Scotland, while the red-deer bones are found in the brochs of the Shetlands, though it now no longer exists in those islands. A brooch of brass, too, proves that the dwellers in the brochs touched at least, if they did not overlap, the Roman occupation of Britain.

The last lecture of the present series is devoted to the lake-dwellings, the hill-forts, and the earth-houses of Scotland. As to the structure of the lake-dwellings or crannogs there is little to say, as there is usually no trace left of the part that rose above the water. All that can be said with certainty about them is that they were of wood. The relics found in their vicinity are pretty much the same as those of the brochs, and would therefore imply that they are of the same period; but in Scotland, as in Ireland, there is no doubt that these crannogs were inhabited in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, and even later. As to those curious puzzles, the vitrified forts, Mr. Anderson does not seem to have arrived at any satisfactory theory to account for their construction. But he has a great deal to say about those singular burrows, the earth-houses, of which he gives an exhaustive and interesting account. Similar subterranean dwellings have been found in Cornwall and Ireland, showing that burrowing underground was a practice common to all the Celtic race; but Mr. Anderson claims for those in Scotland certain characteristic features peculiar to themselves, and assigns them to the period preceding the Roman occupation, as there are signs that the inmates must have come in contact with the Roman civilization, although their art and their architecture remained uninfluenced by it.

Mr. Anderson's book admirably fulfils the promise of its title; for it is a most exhaustive account of all the relics that remain to us of the Iron Age of Pagan Scotland. As such it ought to be welcomed, not by students of Scottish history alone, but by all who are interested in the wide field of primitive culture. He has certainly done much to advance the object which he has at heart—the "establishment of the fact that Scotland has an archaeology of her own," and that much may still be discovered by diligent research and systematic investigation to bring to light something of the unwritten history of the Celtic race.

SPAS AND WINTERING STATIONS OF FRANCE.*

SINCE the Franco-German War the French have set themselves very industriously to develop their own mineral and thermal watering-places. Before that event, and the ill feeling which it engendered in the hearts of the two nations, the majority of Frenchmen were content to go with the English, Russians, and Americans to recruit their health and spend their holidays at the German baths, to the gaiety and general interest of which they contributed very largely. The abolition of the gaming tables in Germany, which was also a result of the war, has doubtless done much to reconcile the French to the loss of their old holiday ground, and stimulated them to supply the void thus produced in their own country, as far as its laws will permit. The truth of the old proverb that it is an ill wind which blows nobody any good has been well illustrated by the manner in which the French have been thrown on their own resources for baths and places of holiday resort and amusement, as no country in Europe possesses so varied and valuable a store of mineral and thermal springs situated under such favourable conditions as to climate and scenic surroundings. Dr. Vintras tells us that there are about one thousand recognized springs of this kind in France, and many of the most important and best known of these he has described in his excellent guide for the information of English medical men and their patients. In the establishment of a mineral-water station the French proceed in a thoroughly characteristic manner, and it must be borne in mind that the fame of such stations, at least in the first instance, is not allowed to depend on the enterprise of the speculative builder or hotel-keeper, or even on the enthusiastic praises of the local doctors. It is provided by law that a mineral spring shall not be worked medically and commercially without special authority from the Minister of Commerce, and this authority is only granted after a favourable opinion has been pronounced by the Academy of Medicine to whom the water has been submitted for analysis. If this learned body reports favourably, the spring may be declared to be of public utility, and it is then placed under a Medical Inspector and the Government Mining Engineer, who are bound to inform the Prefect of any disobedience to or infringement of the regulations. The Medical Inspector may give advice, but he is not allowed to interfere with the prescriptions of private physicians; so that visitors have the official guarantee of the chemical composition of the water and skilled supervision in

* *Medical Guide to the Mineral Waters of France and its Wintering Stations.* By A. Vintras, M.D. London: Churchill. 1883.

its employment, with entire freedom to follow the advice of their own physicians.

Many of the French thermal stations have been known and used for centuries, and the vicissitudes of some of them, as with those of our own country, would form an interesting and instructive chapter in the history of balneology. The Pyrenean group was well known and resorted to by the Romans, although some of the springs must have been very difficult of access in their day. Some places which are little valued now were fashionable places of resort for kings, queens, and statesmen during a portion at least of the thousand years during which, as Dr. Playfair once told the House of Commons, men ceased to wash themselves. The present obscure little village of Pougues was a fashionable watering-place at the end of the fourteenth century, and among its visitors were Henry II., Catherine de Medicis, Louis XIII., Louis XIV., and the Prince of Conti; and it was to the use of the waters of Forges in 1632 that Anne of Austria attributed the birth of her infant, the future Louis XIV., after twenty-three years of sterility.

Dr. Vintras's medical guide—and by this expression he is careful to explain that he means a guide for medical men—is one of those handy little volumes, printed in good clear type which can be read with ease in a carriage or railway train, which rejoices the heart of the busy practitioner, and contains all the information relative to the principal French spas which is required by any one who can claim to give advice in the use of mineral and thermal waters. The art of prescribing the use of mineral waters and baths is not to be learnt from books, no matter how elaborately their composition and action may be described, and the medical man who cannot find time to visit and investigate for himself some of the principal establishments and the methods of treatment employed in them should not attempt to recommend their adoption. The most that can be expected from books of this kind is a good classification of the chemical nature and therapeutical action of the waters and an account of the other conditions, such as climate, temperature, soil, and elevation, which differentiates them one from another and makes them suitable for special diseases; and this object Dr. Vintras has fairly well accomplished for the best known spas of France. In an introduction of thirty pages he gives a condensed but lucid account of the origin, temperature, chemical constitution, classification, physiological and therapeutical actions, and the various modes of administration of mineral waters, following Dr. Durand-Fardel, the distinguished French specialist, as his guide. The only objection we have to this introduction is that it is too short; and we think Dr. Vintras might well have extended it, even at the expense of some of the remaining portion of the work, in order to lay Dr. Durand-Fardel's views more fully before his English readers.

The descriptions of the various towns and their "establishments," as the baths and other contrivances for the use and application of the mineral waters are called, are given in a very concise and readable form; but, although the author tells us that he has personally visited most of the important stations he refers to, it is obvious from the occasional Gallicisms which escape him, and the high key in which the virtues of each spring are proclaimed, that he has been largely indebted to the publications of the local medical practitioners for his materials. That it is a compilation or collection of local opinions and observations is not a fault but a recommendation in a guide-book of this kind. Had Dr. Vintras merely given us an account of his scamper through the watering-places of France we should have set no more store on his work than we do on those of numerous other scampers who supply us with pamphlets and magazine articles on their return from their autumn holidays. The high, the falsetto, tone—so to speak—of the book is a little trying at first; but we soon become reconciled to it. Indeed, from what we know of this kind of French literature, we think that Dr. Vintras has exercised in most cases a tolerably firm editorial supervision, and his version needs only to be accepted with the proverbial grain of salt. The description of the action of the waters at Barèges, perhaps because they are supposed to be surgical rather than medical, appears, however, to have escaped his notice, and may be given here as an example of the claims often advanced by local enthusiasts. Barèges is situated in the Pyrenees about four thousand feet above the sea level. It was formerly, when its reputation was made, almost inaccessible, and is now reached with considerable labour. Its waters are of the warm sodio-sulphuretted kind similar to those of Caunterets and Saint-Sauveur, situated at a few miles distance. "The specialty of this thermal station," says Dr. Vintras, "consists in the treatment of traumatic affections; and few foreign substances, whether bullets or other projectiles, fragments or splinters of bone, resist the expulsive action of these waters. . . . The waters of Barèges also give excellent results in the treatment of contusions, old sprains, profuse suppurations; caries of the bones and necrosis; denudations of the tendons, muscular and tendinous contractions, imperfect cicatrization, stiffness of joints, and enlargements consequent on fractures and dislocations, &c. In the streets and on the promenades one sees nothing but crutches, slings, military cloaks, and sedan chairs, scarcely promising auguries of cheerful society." After reading this we are tempted to consult the index for Lourdes, only about thirty miles distant as the crow flies, to see if any explanation is given of the curative virtues of the water of the famous grotto at that place, which is hung about with innumerable crutches, wooden legs, and sundry other surgical contrivances. Language of this kind is intended for the popular ear, and should find no place in a guide-book intended for professional men.

The chief defect of this part of the book, and it is a very serious one, is the omission in most instances of a statement of the exact time or season for invalids and visitors to go to the various thermal stations. The reason why the French inland watering-places are less known and less patronized by Englishmen than the German ones is because the season is generally too early for us. Diseases which are amenable to the treatment by mineral waters are of a chronic kind, and to a certain extent can be made to wait on other circumstances. The French attend their spas in the early and hot summer months when we are engaged with our Parliamentary duties, or the pleasures and amusements of the London season; and when these are well done with the majority of the French inland watering-places are empty. At Aix-les-Bains within the last few years what may be called an English season has become fashionable; but it does not correspond with the French season at that place; and comparatively few Englishmen or Englishwomen know anything of the Pyrenean watering-places and their beautiful surroundings because they have neither the time nor the inclination to visit them during the French season.

The most original and, on the whole, the most useful part for English readers of the work before us is the section devoted to a description of the French wintering stations. These are essentially English creations, and we might almost say English institutions, and are so well known and have been so often described that little now remains to be said about them. Dr. Vintras describes the physical and climatic peculiarities of all the best known places of winter resort in France from Arcachon and Biarritz on the south-west coast to Mentone on the south-east, and he concludes with a chapter full of useful hints on travelling, clothing, food, &c. to invalids about to visit the mineral waters or intent on wintering abroad. In describing the climate of the winter stations, Dr. Vintras falls into the common error of relying on the average temperature, and neglecting the extremes of heat and cold. To state that Cannes has a mean temperature from November to April of 53° Fahr. and Biarritz of 50° Fahr., and to infer therefrom that one place is warmer and more suitable for invalids than the other, is misleading. It is probable that at Cannes, with its hot sun at midday and its cold nights, the average temperature does not occur for a single hour in the day, while at Biarritz, with its much narrower range of temperature, the average may continue for several hours. Moreover with many invalids, as with flowers, it is the extremes which are the most trying or fatal to them, and it is the minimum rather than the mean temperature which is all important to them. It is much to be regretted that fashion rather than medical considerations is allowed to determine the wintering station of many invalids, and that wintering in the South of France is to many of them little less than the adjournment of the London season. For the ordinary run of delicate and debilitated invalids nothing can be more desirable or delightful than wintering on the Riviera; but those suffering from overwork or nervous debility or excitement should seek sleep and appetite in the somewhat duller and sedative climate of Biarritz, Arcachon, and Saint-Jean-de-Luz. Medical men are not yet sufficiently alive to the value of these places as wintering stations for such cases.

In the appendix Dr. Vintras gives itineraries to the various places described in the body of his work, and in connexion with these we could have wished to have found an outline map which would not only have facilitated access to them, but would have enabled his readers to understand the relation of the various springs to each other in the geographical arrangement on which he has based his observations.

LESSER CLASSICAL BOOKS.*

MESSRS. BOND and WALPOLE have edited the first book of the *Odyssey*, with notes and vocabulary intended apparently for boys beginning the study of Homer. We have on previous occasions noticed school editions of classical authors by one or both of these editors, and we are led by internal evidence to suppose that neither of them has had what one would imagine to be an indispensable qualification for such a task—actual experience in teaching young boys. The notes are full of technical terms invented by many generations of grammarians; "synzesis,"

* *Homer's Odyssey*. Book I. Edited, for the use of Schools, by Rev. John Bond, M.A., Chaplain and Classical Instructor E.M.A., Woolwich; and A. S. Walpole, M.A., late Scholar of Worcester Coll., Oxford. London: Macmillan & Co.

The Republic of Plato. Book I. Edited, with Notes, Introduction, and Appendices, by E. G. Hardy, M.A., Head-Master of Grantham Grammar School, late Fellow of Jesus Coll., Oxford. London: Longmans & Co.

M. Tullii Ciceronis Pro Publico Sestio Oratio ad Judices. With Introduction, Explanatory Notes, and Critical Appendix, by the Rev. Hubert A. Holden, M.A., LL.D., some time Fellow of Trinity Coll., Cambridge. London: Macmillan & Co.

The Acharnians of Aristophanes. Translated into English Verse, by Robert Yelverton Tyrrell, M.A., Fellow of Trinity College, Dublin, and Regius Professor of Greek. Dublin University Press Series.

Exempla Latina. A First Construing Book, with Short Notes, Lexicon, and an Introduction to the Analysis of Sentences, by F. Glover, M.A., Exeter Coll., Oxford, Assistant-Master in Leeds Grammar School. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co.

Outlines of the Philosophy of Aristotle. Compiled by Edwin Wallace, M.A., LL.D., Fellow and Tutor of Worcester Coll., Oxford. Cambridge: University Press.

"tmesis," "sigmatismus," "epanalepsis," "proleptic constructions," "descriptive imperfects," "futures of expectancy," and the like are scattered about in reckless profusion; while the editors have thought it necessary to introduce the name of almost every German scholar who has written on Homer, and the textual criticisms of Aristarchus. This display of borrowed and, considering the purpose of the edition, wholly irrelevant, learning leaves little room for sensible comment and explanation. We find far too much of etymology and of the dry bones of scholarship generally, and too little help towards an understanding and appreciation of the beauty of the narrative. What is the use of telling small boys that "the Homeric *αὐτός* consisted of body rather than mind," and that "Homeric epithets have become crystallized into mere titles," or of quoting Mure's statement that "omnipresence, or all-pervading control over mundane affairs, far from being an essential, was scarcely the possible attribute of the chief of a Pagan pantheon"? The best feature of the book is the vocabulary, which has been carefully compiled, evidently with constant reference to Autenrieth. The chapter on Homeric forms is also useful, though we do not understand why it should include many ordinary facts of Greek syntax.

With the exception of the *Apology*, the first book of the *Republic* is perhaps the best of Plato's dialogues to be put into the hands of boys; and Mr. Hardy's edition is, on the whole, a decidedly good one, at any rate it is the best school edition which we have seen of late. Mr. Hardy understands the advantages of brevity in writing for boys. He gives us a short introduction containing a sketch of the argument, and three appendices on the Sophists, the teaching of Socrates, and the use by Socrates of the analogy of the arts. Brief as they are, these contain all that boys need know before reading the dialogue. The notes are short and to the point; grammatical difficulties are for the most part well explained, though here and there help is rather sparingly given. For instance, there should be a note on the words *εἰς τὴν αἰώναν* near the beginning of Chapter XI. We suspect that Mr. Hardy has not studied Mr. Rutherford's *New Phrynichus*, otherwise he would surely have referred to the exhaustive article on the true Attic forms of the pluperfect in his note on *ἐώρακεν* on p. 57. In the interpretation of the text Mr. Hardy is for the most part scholarly and accurate. In ch. iv. he corrects a slip of Mr. Jowett's, who translates *ὁ μὴ ἐπιεικής πλουτίσας*, "the bad rich man." Mr. Hardy gives what is no doubt the right rendering, "the wicked man by becoming rich." On the other hand, we do not agree with his correction of Mr. Jowett in the following chapter. He translates *ἡδεῖα ἔλπις αἰὲν πάρεστι καὶ ἀγαθὴ γηροτρόφος*, "There is always present a good and pleasant hope to tend his old age." It is surely better to take *ἀγαθὴ* with *γηροτρόφος*, as Mr. Jowett and other commentators have taken it.

In ch. xx. we find a good note on the various senses of *πλεῖον ἔχειν* in this passage, and in ch. iv. p. 330 C. Mr. Hardy is probably right in placing a comma instead of a full stop after *ἀγαπῶσι*, and translating "For as poets love their own productions and fathers their children, so those who have gained their money by trade value it both on this ground, because it is their own production, and also on the score of its utility, like other men." Mr. Hardy, too, often translates needlessly. Thus at p. 57 he renders *διὰ χρόνον γὰρ καὶ ἐώρακεν αὐτόν*, "It was a long time since I had seen him," and at p. 61 *μῖσος τις γέγονα χρηματιστῆς τοῦ τε πάππου καὶ τοῦ πατρὸς*, "I have proved myself as a man of business intermediate between my grandfather and my father." The latter rendering, like too many more in the work, certainly does not deserve for its elegance the admission which would be denied to it on the score of utility. But the chief failing in Mr. Hardy's notes is that he lays far too little stress on the literary and dramatic aspect of the dialogue, and rather too much upon the philosophical. The reason for setting boys to read Plato is, not that he was a great philosopher, but that he was the most exquisite writer of Attic prose whose works have come down to us; and though boys must have sufficient understanding of the subject-matter to follow the arguments, anything more than this is useless and undesirable. The note on p. 97 on *ἔργον* and *ἀρετὴν*, for instance, is scarcely needed and will not be appreciated by boys. The long note on justice, on pp. 64, 65, might with advantage have been made very much shorter. What is the use of telling boys that a definition is "based on the prudential gnomic morality of the pre-philosophic stage of thought," or of referring them, as Mr. Hardy too often does, to Aristotle? However, such notes can do no harm, for they are not at all likely to be read by those for whom they are intended. A smaller but not quite insignificant failing is the repeated use of the words "sophistry" and "sophistical," which is likely to make young readers forget the caution given in the appendix against accepting Plato's estimate of the Sophists. However, in spite of some shortcomings, Mr. Hardy's is a good and useful, though not a brilliant or original, commentary.

Mr. Holden's edition of Cicero's speech *Pro Sestio* is a worthy companion volume to the *Pro Plancio* which appeared about two years ago. It is needless to speak of Mr. Holden's high qualifications for his task. Every page of the commentary shows signs of sound and brilliant scholarship and of intimate acquaintance with Cicero's writings. Mr. Holden's notes, good as they are, are rendered still more valuable by the additions from the pen of Mr. J. S. Reid, our best English commentator on

Cicero. Mr. Holden has written an excellent historical introduction to the speech, and an appendix on the text; there is also a very complete grammatical index, and an index containing proper names and remarkable words and usages occurring in the speech. If there is any fault to be found with the notes, it is that Mr. Holden now and then succumbs to the usual temptation of commentators, and translates passages which stand in no need of such explanation. We have, however, only noticed one defective rendering, that of a passage in ch. vi., "*hujus potius temporis serviam quam dolori meo*," "I will minister to my client's convenience rather than gratify my own chagrin." The word "convenience" is surely too weak; "need" would be far better. Among the features of the commentary we may notice the plentiful illustrations from Latin literature generally, and from Cicero's own writings in particular, of the author's usage of words and phrases; also the fulness of the information given on incidental matters. We may take as examples the interesting note at p. 82 on the dissolution of ties of *affinitas* by death or divorce, and that on the political status of Capua. Mr. Holden's sound scholarship appears in the distinctions which he draws between words of similar meaning, such as *desidia* and *inertia*, *imago* and *simulacrum*. At p. 129 there is a good note on the use of the word *scurra*, with the meaning, not of "buffoon," but of "rake"; and one at p. 123 deals with the question whether *exsindo*, as Mr. Reid maintains, or *exsido*, as Mr. Holden thinks, is the usual Latin word for "to raze a city." We entirely agree with Mr. Holden (p. 116) that "the attempt to distinguish tenses in the imperative forms is quite futile." It is to be regretted that Latin grammars in general use attempt to enforce the distinction. Want of space forbids us to prolong the interesting work of examining Mr. Holden's commentary. Enough has, we hope, been said to induce students of Cicero to continue the investigation for themselves.

In attempting to produce a verse translation of a Greek comedy "which shall be practically as literal as a prose version" Mr. Tyrrell has essayed the impossible. There are, however, few scholars who could have come so near to complete success. The iambs of the dialogue, which are done into blank verse, are very closely rendered; while the lyrical passages are as literal as the exigencies of rhyme and metre will permit. Mr. Tyrrell certainly makes good his claim to have produced a version "very much closer to the original than those of Mitchell, Frere, or Walsh." His translation may very well be, as it is intended to be, of help to students, and it will convey to English readers a good idea of what Attic comedy was. Mr. Tyrrell's English, moreover, is never strained or awkward; his rhythm is, with few exceptions, thoroughly good; and his lines are full of vigour and "go." He has adopted many traditional renderings of the plays on words, and here and there he borrows, always with due acknowledgment, a line or so from Walsh and other translators. The difficulty of giving in English the unexpected substitutions of one word from another which occur so frequently in Aristophanes is met by introducing the expected word, followed by the unexpected in the form of a correction. It would not be easy to suggest a better plan, though the suddenness of the original is thus lost, and the device belongs rather to explanation than to translation proper. Among the passages which are particularly well rendered we may mention the Parabasis and the scene between Diceopolis and Euripides. The antistrophe which follows is remarkable for some curiously bad rhymes, though Mr. Tyrrell does not, as a rule, take too many liberties in this respect. Passages which offend our modern notions of decency, such as the Phallic hymn and the dialogue between Diceopolis and the Megarian, are either toned down or omitted altogether. We must protest against Mr. Tyrrell's translation of *βασιλεὺς*—"the Shah." It would be just as reasonable to write Russia for Lacedæmon or Lord Wolseley for Lamachus.

Mr. Glover's little volume is very much better than nine out of ten of the "First Readers" and "Steps to Latin" which appear year by year. Mr. Glover sees that a boy, to construe satisfactorily, must be taught to analyse sentences, and he sets to work to teach him how to do so. He begins by giving the elements of a simple sentence, followed by an account of the sentence itself. Next, we have a chapter on compound sentences and another on analysis and parsing. A well-arranged series of examples and a vocabulary occupy the remainder of the book. The chapter on compound sentences is particularly good; the forms of conditional sentences, the stumblingblock of small, and for the matter of that of big, boys too, being very clearly put. Mr. Glover says in his preface that "the introduction to analysis is a mere outline, and leaves much to be supplied by the master in the way of inference and explanation." Of course this is quite true, and we are, moreover, inclined to think that this introductory matter is better not put into the hands of boys at all, but studied by the teacher as a scheme of instruction to be worked upon according to his own judgment. Boys are so easily bewildered by grammatical technicalities that the fewer one sets before them the better. We have said that the examples are good, but some of them are open to the objection that the subject-matter of many of the sentences is of a nature to increase their difficulty. What meaning, for instance, would the following have for young boys?

Fator esse deos : doce me igitur, unde sint, ubi sint, quales sint corpore, animo, vita : hæc enim scire cupio.

None the less the book is a good one, and we would commend the study of it to the vast number of young teachers who go straight

from the university to the class-room without any special training for their work.

The purpose and scope of Mr. Wallace's sketch may be well expressed by a few lines from the preface, in which, after speaking of Professor Zeller's work, he says, "There may, however, still be room left for a smaller and less pretentious work which will string together the more important passages in Aristotle's writings, and explain them by a brief English commentary." The present volume is a considerably enlarged edition of a work which appeared some few years ago, and gives in a comparatively small compass a very good sketch of Aristotle's teaching. A separate chapter is assigned to each branch of the subject—logic, metaphysics, psychology, &c. The work should be useful both as an introduction to a deeper study of Aristotle, and as a convenient work of reference for ripper scholars.

TWO BOOKS FOR GIRLS.*

WHILE fully alive to the shortcomings of the hobbledehoy, we are inclined to think that girls, during the equivalent period of their existence, are even more difficult to manage. The boy can be amused. He can enjoy his games and destroy life, but girls of fifteen and sixteen have but scanty resources. One of their few pleasures at that age is reading, and it is by no means easy to find well-written story-books for their entertainment. Children older than twelve refuse to be amused by books that are evidently written for their moral and intellectual improvement, nor do they care to read religious stories on week days; yet even the most wholesome novels are generally too absorbing to be desirable reading during the schoolroom age. A plot that older people would see through in a few chapters will rivet the attention of a girl in her early teens to such a degree that she will be unable to give more than half her attention to her lessons until every word of the novel has been eagerly read. Story-books for schoolgirls should be bright and interesting, but of a kind that can be put down at short notice without any strain on the temper. *Princess Alethea* is a good specimen of the type of book suited to meet the want that we have described. It is pleasantly written, and if a little heavy here and there, it is sufficiently readable to entertain any girl of a healthy literary appetite. Perhaps the worst part of the book is the opening chapter, which is involved and obscure. Young readers like to be interested in the plot of a story as early and with as little trouble as possible; long descriptions, therefore, in the early part of a book weary them exceedingly.

Alethea is a motherless girl of sixteen, and at the time at which the story opens she is living with an aunt at Brussels. While there she takes a dislike at first sight to a Miss Kate Kempton, a young lady some four years older than herself, of whom more presently. In the fifth chapter a letter arrives from Mr. St. Aubyn, Alethea's father, summoning her to England. Alethea is much delighted at returning to her home, her father, and her little brother. She is proudly conscious of the responsibilities of managing her father's household and educating her small brother, but her father does not seem over-anxious to encourage her in assuming the reins of domestic government. The descriptions of her first attempts at housekeeping are amusing and well written. Her father's dinners are spoiled through her well-intended but mistaken interference; and the old housekeeper is dismayed at receiving orders to procure oysters in May. Alethea consoles herself by reflecting that the old servant is an uneducated woman, and that people are never too old to learn; and, although no oysters are forthcoming, and her father calls a pudding made expressly at her orders a "horrible mixture," she persuades herself that she is "her father's councillor," her brother's "guide, and general reformer of the household." Her domestic management appears to her so eminently successful that she proceeds to attempt the reorganization of the school, and even conceives ideas of rectifying the conduct of the clergyman. She is just congratulating herself upon the satisfaction of being, at the age of sixteen, the head of an establishment and the reformer of the manners of all around her, when she is staggered by the announcement that her father is about to marry her enemy, the aforesaid Kate Kempton. Alethea's misery at the idea of her father's approaching marriage is described at some length, and the account of her life with an old governess, who comes to act as her companion during the interval, is well written. When the new stepmother at last arrives, affairs are placed on a most unpleasant footing. Alethea scarcely conceals her dislike to Kate, and Kate is too proud to make advances to Alethea. Mr. St. Aubyn—who by the way acts like a fool throughout the story—succeeds in increasing the discord between his wife and his child, and things appear to be going from bad to worse when he is dangerously wounded by a poacher, and Kate and Alethea, stung with remorse, make friends over their common sorrow.

The book is completely free from love-making. It is true that two secondary characters get married, but we hear nothing of their flirtations, and the male lover teaches in a Sunday school.

* *Princess Alethea*. By Frances Mary Peard, Author of "The Rose Garden" &c. With Eight Illustrations by J. D. Watson. London: George Bell & Sons.

No Longer a Child. By Maud Jean Franc, Author of "Marian; or, the Light of Some One's Home" &c. London: Sampson Low & Co.

Two entire chapters, including twenty pages, are devoted to the description of an adventure which, we should imagine, would only amuse a very small child, and there are certain passages in the work which could scarcely either amuse or interest a person of any age. Yet many little anecdotes are well told. There is an account of a dog's complete forgetfulness of his master, on the return of the latter from a long sojourn abroad, which is truer to nature than many of the stories that have been written about dogs; and a scene in a young ladies' gymnasium in Brussels is cleverly drawn. The remark of a little American girl, on visiting an invalid friend, "Well, I'm sorry you're sick; but I guess you needn't be cross because you are," points a moral with considerable vigour. The blind boy is pretty certain to be one of the most popular characters in the book. It is not very difficult to be pathetic about the blind, and blind boys in children's books are no great rarity; but this particular blind boy is decidedly above the average of imaginary blind boys, and his description is exceptionally devoid of sickly sentimentalism. Books written by women for girls must of necessity be essentially feminine, but there are some female peculiarities of style which might well have been avoided in this story. It contains sadly too much about giggling and tittering; ladies give little screams, and servant-girls toss their heads. The excessive use of italics, again, is irritating to the male reader, although it is generally supposed to produce no unpleasant effects upon women. In a work of this sort it would be too much to expect that the male characters should be other than "women made men," but to be perfectly just in our criticism we must point out that the descriptions of the sayings and doings of the stronger sex form the weakest portions of this book.

If *Princess Alethea* may be called a book for girls, *No Longer a Child* may rather be described as a book which is more suited to the tastes of girls than of older people. It appears to have been written with the idea of interesting girls just entering upon womanhood, and it is evidently intended to be a simple home-like story, containing sufficient incident to engage the attention of the reader without bordering on the sensational. Moreover, there are "words in season" scattered here and there that seem chosen with a view to awakening the sinner. It seems to us a pity that a book written with such good intentions should be marred by a mawkish sentimentalism that can scarcely be recommended as wholesome mental food for the young. The writer aims at great simplicity, and produces a sort of literary gruel; but, unfortunately, it is sour gruel, and we should hesitate before recommending it for the nourishment of youthful minds. A great deal of the book is pleasantly written, and some of the descriptions are decidedly pretty. Several of the characters are well drawn and natural; the women are womanly; the men, if not all that could be wished, are at least what men are often found to be; even the worst character in the whole book is not a double-dyed villain, and the hero, if excellent, is by no means an unnatural paragon of wisdom. Our chief objection to the book is that, while it is written with considerable ostentation of wholesome simplicity, the plot hangs on so unwholesome an incident as love at a glance. Is it to be desired that girls should have the idea put into their heads that it is maidenly and becoming to conceive an inordinate affection for a man of whom they have had but a glimpse, to whom they have scarcely spoken, and of whom they know absolutely nothing? Yet this is what the heroine does in the book before us. Her father is a farmer in South Australia, and one evening a man appears at the door requesting work. Her father is out, but shortly returns and rather abruptly informs the wayfarer that he can give him no employment. Without having apparently spoken a word to the heroine, the stranger then leaves the house, but he has scarcely reached the road before she runs after him to say that another farmer, a mile further on, wants labourers. This does not seem much to fall in love upon, but it is more than enough for our heroine:—

She fled upstairs to her room. Then, throwing herself on the floor by the side of the bed, she hid her burning face in the pillow. . . .

She got up presently, and throwing the window widely open, looked out into the shadowy gully, full of shadows now, scarcely lighted up anywhere by the young moon. She had a romance of her own now to study—no need to go to books—and a soft light stole into her eyes, and the colour came and went on the cheeks that were resting in the little hands, and a smile dimpled the corners of her mouth as the memory of the quiet figure in the twilight watching her back to her home flitted before her. . . .

It seemed as though the whole course of Lena Hartmann's reading had culminated to a point that summer evening. Her life's history was beginning. Was she any the happier for it? And what was it all really about? A stranger she had never seen before, and might never see again, had crossed her path. Was he worthy of another thought?

Why not? Lena's course of reading, her habits of dreaming, unhealthy and unwholesome as they were, encouraged the question, Why not? There was a delightful mystery about him.

It would be exceedingly inconvenient if the reading of one of our daughters were to "culminate to a point" some summer's evening on such meagre grounds as these, nor do we wish it suggested to the minds of any girls in whom we take an interest that on something considerably less than a mere formal introduction they may have a romance of their "own to study—no need to go to books," &c. After reading stuff of this kind, silly girls may be flying upstairs to their rooms, throwing themselves on the floors by the sides of their beds, and hiding their burning faces in their pillows, every time they see a good-looking man in the street.

The end of *No Longer a Child* appears to us to be eminently unsatisfactory. A death in a novel may be all very well in its

proper place, but the wholesale destruction of the most interesting characters in a light story is, to our thinking, a mistake. It is true that "the good little boy in the story-book always dies," and we had our misgivings for the hero as soon as he had made some pious remarks in the middle of the volume; but we were quite unprepared for the death of the heroine and her mother as well as the hero. Why the hero and heroine should not have married and "lived happily for ever after," like other heroes and heroines—why the hero, if he must needs have died at all, should have died before he had finished his letter to the heroine; and why the heroine, if she was to cease to live, should have lived just long enough to marry a man she detested, are things that we cannot understand. The death of the mother was natural enough, but it is too graphically described. Novels are supposed to be written in order to give pleasure, and death-bed scenes in such books should be but lightly touched upon. We greatly regret the faults we have pointed out in the work before us, because with some alteration it might have been made a pleasant, readable story, well suited for girls just beginning to read novels, whereas now it is exactly the opposite. Perhaps the best that can be said of the book as it stands is that here and there it contains some pretty bits of description. The author is certainly capable of writing nice books for girls, if she can only be persuaded to set her face resolutely against morbid sentimentalism.

RECENT MUSIC.

IT would hardly be fair to pass a decided judgment on Joachim Raff's last work which has been sent to us by Messrs. Novello, Ewer, & Co., previous to its performance at the coming festival at Leeds, as it is almost impossible to form an opinion of an oratorio such as *The World's End, the Judgment, and the New World*, as it is called, from the pianoforte score. The words of the oratorio have been selected by the composer himself from the Revelations, and their treatment, musically speaking, is eminently dramatic. The work is divided into three parts, as the title would suggest, and the first part, "The World's End," is again divided into subsections under the headings "The Vision of St. John," "The Apocalyptic Riders," "Petition and Thanksgiving of the Martyrs," and "The Last Signs in Nature and Despair of Mankind." As may be supposed, the whole work is a piece of programme music somewhat suggesting the method, though not the style, of Berlioz, and we shall be rather surprised if the selection entitled "The Apocalyptic Riders" will not prove, on performance, to be the most vigorous and effective portion of the work. This part consists of recitative and instrumental intermezzo, alternating for eleven short numbers, illustrating Pestilence, War, Famine, Death, and Hell, as the four first seals are broken; and this leads on to the next sub-section of the "Petition and Thanksgiving of the Martyrs," which ends with the joyous chorus "We thank the Lord," a very powerful piece of writing. After the last sub-section of the first part "The Judgment" follows, in the same style of alternate recitative and intermezzo, relieved by a striking double chorus between "the righteous and the wicked," and a graceful arioso and chorus, "Gracious and merciful." "The New World," which forms the third part, is of a more peaceful nature; and the whole concludes with a fine chorus to the words, "Come, ye come soon, Redeemer." It is to be noticed that amongst the thirty-six numbers comprised in the work only five are allotted to soloists, exclusive of the recitative; so that, were it not for the frequent interpolation of the purely instrumental intermezzos, a resource of which Berlioz was so great a master, the oratorio might fall under the censure of dullness, from which Gounod's *Redemption* so narrowly escaped. Another work to be performed at Leeds is *The Lord is King*, a setting of the 97th Psalm, by Joseph Barnby, in the course of which the composer has introduced three solos, three choruses, an interlude, a double quartet, and a march and Gloria Patri. The double chorus, judging, as we do, from the pianoforte score, is likely to be the most striking number, though the whole work seems to us well worthy of the festival for which it is written. J. S. Bach's cantata, *Thou Guide of Israel*, has also been issued by Messrs. Novello, Ewer, & Co., the English version being by the Rev. John Troutbeck, whose adaptations of the works of the great composers of church music are too favourably known to need any recommendation from us.

Messrs. Metzler & Co. send us two songs, "Cross Purposes" and "Love and the Maiden," and a quartette, "The Sobbing Quartette," from the popular trifle called *Treasure Trove*, the composition of Mr. Alfred Caldicott, to words by Mr. A. Law, which was performed at the German Reeds' Entertainment not long ago. The popularity of the operetta when it was produced absolves us from expressing any further opinion upon it; but we do not doubt that many of those who were entertained with the performance will be glad to hear that they can now obtain the several pieces which pleased them at the time in the shape of the ordinary drawing-room song. Another song from the same composer, entitled "Unless," to the words of Mrs. Browning, shows him to be capable of writing in a graceful and scholarly manner. A skilfully written obligato for violin or violoncello accompanies the song, and adds greatly to its effectiveness. "Under the Dome" is a sacred song, with words and music by the Rev. A. J. Jones, to which is added an obligato for the organ. Based somewhat

on the lines of "The Lost Chord" and its successors, the song is not without merit of its own kind, and from the simplicity and correctness of its construction it will probably become a favourite with the public. The organ obligato compensates largely for the somewhat monotonous pianoforte accompaniment, but an organ is not always at hand for obligato purposes, and we doubt whether a harmonium would be an effective substitute. The piece, however, is the work of a careful and painstaking musician, and will, we doubt not, hold its own as a sacred song. A really charming song, by Ernest Bergholt, to words "ascribed by tradition" to the celebrated Marquess of Montrose, is the one entitled "Give me thy heart." The music, with its simple and clever contrapuntal effects, renders this one of the most pleasing lyrical productions that we have heard for some time. Mr. Malcolm Lawson's song, "Thee Only," the words by H. S. Riddell, is a graceful production and we think will become popular. Among the pianoforte pieces from Messrs. Metzler & Co., "Bagatelle d'Ennui," by Montefiore, is effective, while Gustave Lange's "Waldandacht," Op. 171, No. 11, a transcription of a song by Franz Abt, is a pleasing specimen from the pen of this very prolific adapter. Of dance music from the same publishers we have "In the Moonlight," a waltz on the subject of Lady Arthur Hill's popular song, arranged by A. Gwyllyn Crowe, and "Souvenir d'Espagne," a waltz by the favourite composer of dance music, Emile Waldteufel.

Two songs of which Godwin Fowler is the composer, and one by Thomas Hutchinson, reach us from Messrs. Wood & Co. The former are named respectively "I Stood on the Shore" and "The Beggar's Story." Both are songs of considerable merit, although "The Beggar's Story" touches a somewhat painful vein; whilst the latter, a patriotic song, deals with the praises of our "Ironclads of England," and does not rise much above the level of its class as a song. "Laddie was somebody's darling" we are told in a song published by W. Morley & Co. and bearing the title of "Laddie," until "somebody's love grew cold," when somebody married a man with a fortune, and Laddie found a premature grave where "somebody kneels and weeps," crying:—

Oh, Laddie, come back, if it is but to say
That the angels above
Have found thee a love,
And borne thy burden away.

To words of this kind Ciro Pinsuti has written some delicate music which makes us regret that the author could not find something more worthy of the composer's efforts. Louis Diehl's song from the same publishers, entitled "Bells at Sunset," is not characterized by much originality, but is well within the powers of the amateur singer, while "Ruth's Legacy," by Mrs. Arthur Goodeve, to words of her own writing, will probably find favour in the eyes of those who admire songs of the "Darby and Joan" type. To words by Edward Oxenford, Thomas Hutchinson has set some vigorous and effective music for a song entitled "Old Messmates," which is set in three different keys to accommodate every kind of voice, and we may say that it is in every way superior to that called "Ironclads of England," by the same composer, which we have already noticed above. A humorous little song, "The Broken Pitcher," by Henry Pontet, is graceful and effective in its construction, and deserves the success which is almost certain to attend it when once heard. Two instrumental pieces close the list of works sent to us by Messrs. W. Morley & Co. The first is No. 1 of a series of pianoforte "Rural Sketches," under the name of the "Birthday Party," which augurs well for the success of the remaining five numbers, if it may be taken as a specimen of what is to follow it. William Smallwood, the composer, has taken great pains to write clearly and simply and to invest his subject with interest, which, we regret to say, is not always the aim of those who write for beginners. The piece we have under consideration is fingered with care, and all unnecessary difficulties are studiously avoided, while at the same time it is very pretty and effective, and will certainly repay the trouble which young pianists may devote to mastering its details. The second is also No. 1 of a series, but this time it is a series of "Musical Dialogues," or duets for violin and piano, by Charles Marshall, and it is headed "A Tranquil Dawn." This is a thoughtfully-written little piece, and as it does not present any great difficulties for performance, and is very melodious and characteristic, it should become a favourite with all amateur violinists.

Messrs. W. Marshall & Co. send us three songs by William M. Hutchinson and one by Odoardo Barri. The songs by the first-named composer are "The Two Chords," "Two Little Shoes," to words by D'Arcy Jaxone, and "The Silver Rhine." The last of these, we are informed, is a sequel to W. M. Hutchinson's famous ballad "Ehren on the Rhine," and we do not doubt will be as successful as its predecessor. Odoardo Barri's "Taken by Storm" is a spirited production and contains some effective writing, although the metre of the poetry to which the composer has chosen to set his music is, to say the least, somewhat incomprehensible. A waltz, by Josef Meissler, called "The Gift of Love," in which is introduced W. M. Hutchinson's song of the same name, and the "Tiptoe Polka," by the same composer, have also reached us, but do not call for any special mention.

The songs and pianoforte music sent to us by Messrs. J. & W. Chester, of Brighton, have considerable merit. The first song is by Frederick Corder, who, under the name of "Slumber Song," has set Tieck's words, "Ruhe Süss Luechen," to some very charming and scholarly music, which we have no hesitation in saying is well worth

any trouble that may be expended in mastering it, and will fully sustain the reputation which the composer has already gained as a conscientious artist and painstaking musician. Such a song as this should have a wide circulation, not only on account of its graceful construction, but also as a specimen of higher art than is shown in the efforts of many song-writers of our day. It is too much the fashion, we regret to say, to look with disfavour upon anything that is not strictly within the so-called ballad form; and we are glad to think that Mr. Corder, in treating German words, has not forgotten the lessons taught by Schubert and Schumann, who, whatever may be said to the contrary, still remain the masters of the art of song-writing. "One by One" and "Laddie" are two little songs by Gertrude E. Whitmarsh which are correctly written, and are pleasing specimens of somewhat amateur-like work. A more ambitious effort in song-writing is "Six Songs," by John Gledhill, to words by Burns, Moore, and Barry Cornwall. In choosing his words from such sources the composer has perhaps done wisely, although he runs the risk of challenging comparison with others who have preceded him. Nevertheless, he stands the test well, and we may congratulate him upon the success of his adventure. All the songs are interesting, and some, especially "I Dream of Thee" and "When Twilight Dews," show the composer to be a musician of considerable powers. This fact receives confirmation when we turn to the instrumental pieces from the same hand; for No. 1 of Three Scherzos and the Four Minuets for the pianoforte which we have before us are well above the ordinary style of music which passes under these heads, both in conception and in working out, while the simple "Serenade" is a graceful trifle skillfully manipulated. The "Three Romances" for violin and pianoforte, by Ferdinand Praeger, exhibit all those musicianly qualities which were to be expected from one who is so well known among us as an ardent worker among the ranks of musicians in England, and we feel certain that they will be received by all violin-players with the respect that they deserve. Otto Schweizer's "Suite für das Pianoforte" is a work of larger proportions, and consequently of greater importance, than any pianoforte piece we have yet noticed. It consists of four numbers—namely, the Prelude, Pastorale, Grave, and Tempo di Gavotta, of which the first is written for the left hand only, and, apart from its difficulties, is a very masterly piece of writing; while the second and third are composed *a due* and *a tre voci* respectively; the whole closing with the graceful Gavotte movement. The composer shows his familiarity with the works of Handel and Bach by the successful manner in which he has imitated the style of those writers in the second and third movements; while the first movement plainly indicates that he is no less acquainted with the works of more modern composers, whose aim has perhaps been more in the direction of performing feats of agility on the pianoforte. This "Suite," however, is, as a whole, a fine piece of work, and reflects great credit upon the composer, who shows himself to be a musician of no ordinary kind and one whose works deserve to be widely known. "Intermezzo Scherzoso," from a Suite for Orchestra composed by Arthur H. Jackson, is so full of sparkling vivacity that we almost regret that the composer has not arranged the remainder of the Suite for the pianoforte; but perhaps he is wise, since even in this Intermezzo it is evident that the orchestral effects are hardly reproduced on the solo instrument with that success which would justify the whole work being treated in the same manner. Nevertheless, even thus detached from its surroundings, it makes a charmingly bright little piece, which we can unhesitatingly recommend.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

IT is not very often that an historical monograph, whatever its merit, reaches its third edition in four years from its first appearance. The success of M. Legrelle's *Louis XIV. et Strasbourg* (1), which is in this case, and which appears with so much correction and addition as to deserve more notice than we usually accord to reissues, is an exception proving the rule. For, without denying to the author the praise due to very great industry and a noteworthy power of arranging documents and weaving their contents into narrative, it may be doubted, or rather cannot be doubted, whether he does not owe much more to the interest taken in things Alsatian and the ill-will existing towards Germany in France than to his actual merit. The book, it is hardly necessary to say, is of the nature of a defence—a defence of Louis XIV. and his Ministers against the charge of having absorbed the city of Strasbourg by (as Carlyle, following German authorities, calls it) a process of "highway robbery, or highway robbery combined with attorneyism." It is impossible to enter here into the details of an argument which, with its supporting documents, fills eight hundred large pages. It is sufficient to say that M. Legrelle's line of traverse consists in the contention that the Peace of Westphalia gave France rights over Alsace, and that the annexation of Strasbourg was simply the carrying out of those rights. On the other hand, the rejoinder to this is quite clear—first, that Strasbourg, as a free city and practical Republic, could not be the subject of cession against its will, even if (as M.

Legrelle admits, though he contests the interpretation of the fact) its relations with the Empire had not been expressly reserved; and, secondly, that the final proceedings by which Louis obtained actual possession were undoubtedly a discreditable mixture of force and fraud. The French case is, however, well put by M. Legrelle; and his supply of documents is very ample, frank, and sufficient to enable the reader to form his own judgment.

It is allowed that the clearest and deepest faith may sometimes be flecked with the shadow of doubt, and we must confess that we are sometimes dubious whether *le document* is not being overdone in these days. This is certainly heresy; for, from the point of view both of the historical student and the literary critic, it is expedient that ten dull volumes should go to press rather than that one interesting matter of fact or example of form should be exposed to the dangers of latency and "unicity" in manuscript. This, at least, is the principle; but it must be admitted that sometimes, in reading the nine volumes which do not contain this saving item, the reader feels unstable in his adherence to it. The books before us are not fairly to be called dull volumes (2); but they are hardly very important ones. Their merit is that they concern a period (the last years of Louis XIV. and the Regency) which is comparatively speaking less known than the periods which preceded and followed it; that they are written by persons very well qualified to know the matters they write about; and that they are essentially letters of news. Mme. de Balleroy was a daughter of the house of Caumartin, and was thus connected with the official and fashionable world pretty intimately. Her husband, with a taste rare at the time, lived almost entirely at his country seat, and she lived with him, though she would have liked to live at Paris. Her exile was consoled by a considerable band of correspondents (including the two D'Argensons, her near kinsmen) who sent her the news of the day. The result is a crowd of details, the exact bearing of which on previously published accounts of the same matters would require a very long and minute examination to work out. But the letters are for the most part destitute of any literary charm and singularly impersonal in character. Indeed, but for the names with which they are signed, they would be nearly as jejune as the modern newspaper summary, of which they are in fact an analogue. M. de Barthélemy's work is, as usual with him, excellently performed.

If the reader of the future takes up M. Mézières's book (3)—and, if he will pardon the impertinence of a mere nineteenth-century mentor, he may very easily do worse—he will probably be a little surprised at the apology which the author makes in his preface for stepping out of his usual and professional range of study—that of foreign literature—and dealing with the literature and the history of his own country. There is, however, no doubt that M. Mézières has correctly appreciated a curious notion of the time, which is that, if a man can do one thing in literature, it follows infallibly that he cannot do anything else. M. Mézières has done well to disregard, while acknowledging the existence of, this sublimely unreasonable idea. His present volume consists of review-essays on different books of the last ten years concerning France and things French during the last two centuries. All are written in an excellent style, with abundant knowledge, sound judgment, and good taste. It is particularly pleasant at this moment, when the attitude of France towards England is as that of the fretful porcupine, to read the essay on the Crimean War, and note the manner in which M. Mézières speaks of England and the English. The review of M. de Broglie's *Le secret du roi* is the longest and the most elaborate paper in the book; and next to it in these respects ranks one on the Mirabeau family. Of the shorter articles, those on the correspondence of Xavier de Maistre and on that of Constant with Mme. Récamier are perhaps the most interesting. The chief defect which accompanies, and indeed is derived from, M. Mézières's good qualities is a certain tendency to make things pleasant all round and speak well of everybody and everything. This proceeding is amiable, but sometimes a little monotonous.

M. Alphonse Karr's (4) latest collection of satirical comment on the political and social weaknesses of his contemporaries has, to our taste, somewhat more freshness and savour than most of his recent collections of the same kind. M. Karr has always been happy on the subject of the abolition of capital punishment, and although the phrase "Veto anémique," applied to President Grévy's habit of commuting the death-sentence, is not equal to the famous suggestion to "Messieurs les assassins," it is not unworthy of the same author. "La Rose Bleue" is another section in which M. Karr has been well inspired in taking up one of the subjects of his youth, and there are several other papers—half-serious, half-satirical—dealing with agricultural questions which are worth reading. It is certain that out of this long series a few volumes very well worth preserving may be extracted by some capable person who will take the trouble at some time or other. Whether the habit of republication in a mass is not likely rather to prevent than to favour such a process may however be doubted.

Some pleasant reading will be found in M. Charles Diguët's *Mémoires d'un fusil* (5), a series of papers on sport in France which will probably convince those who read it that the popular

(1) *Les correspondants de la Marquise de Balleroy*. Par le Comte E. de Barthélemy. 2 vols. Paris: Hachette.

(2) *En France*. Par A. Mézières. Paris: Hachette.

(3) *Dans la lune*. Par Alphonse Karr. Paris: Calmann-Lévy.

(4) *Mémoires d'un fusil*. Par Charles Diguët. Paris: Dentu.

(5) *Louis XIV. et Strasbourg*. Par A. Legrelle. Troisième édition. Paris: Hachette.

conception in England of a French sportsman as an insane Cockney with an enormous horn, a wonderful suit of garments, and a game-bag possibly containing one cock-robin is not invariably accurate. There is of course rather more of *Vive la chasse!* and so forth than would be found in an English book of the kind; but M. Diguët is evidently a practical man, as well as a practised writer. "*La chasse au poste à Marseille*" is a very curious account of a peculiar species of sport affected by the citizens of the town of Bouillabaisse. The *poste* is a kind of lair, solidly built but covered over with sods and branches, with a tree or two of some sort near. The adventurous sportsman buys certain trained decoy birds—thrushes, larks, &c.—disposes them in cages round his stronghold, waits till other game of the same kind lights on the tree, and then bags it or not as the case may be. In his chapter on the Bittern (whom he justly defends from the insult implied in the metaphorical use of his French name *Butor*), M. Diguët says that the booming bird is very good eating. Unfortunately drainage has left so few of him in England that an opportunity for testing this statement does not often occur. Another bird of not dissimilar haunts—the heron—is still with us pretty plentifully, though it is not, in England, very often shot. M. Diguët has a lively sketch of his luck with it on one occasion. But we can hardly pardon him for recommending the wholesale slaughter of that delightful bird the magpie, though it certainly is a most audacious poacher. According to our author he has himself seen a magpie hawk at and kill in the most scientific fashion a full-grown and unwounded hare, which, considering the relative size of the animals, would be hardly credible if M. Diguët did not write in a very trustworthy fashion. It may be noted, in passing, that, ardent gunner as he is, he is very severe on pigeon-shooting.

M. de Caix de St.-Aymour (6) is probably right in endorsing the sentence of M. Elisée Reclus to the effect that the North-Western region of the Balkan peninsula is one of the least visited parts of Europe. His own book, the abundant illustrations of which are mostly borrowed, with all due acknowledgment, from Mr. Evans's work on the same subject, records the experiences of a recent tour in a clear and sensible manner, if not with any extraordinary vivacity or power. The author expresses his opinion, which is no doubt well founded, that the greatest stumbling-block to Austria in the country is that under civilized and equitable rule an agrarian difficulty is arising and will have to be settled. He is naturally not very confident as to the result, and he dwells on the well-known embarrassments of the Austrian Empire in its present condition. But he is quite free from Austrophobia, and gives the new masters of Bosnia every credit for a desire to govern their new acquisition justly, wisely, and with a view to the development of its unquestionable resources.

M. Bouchet's book of travels in Italy (7), dated 1880-1882, is rather in the nature of a guide-book than of a regular literary attempt. The author gives lists of statues, buildings, &c., to be looked at, distinguishes his noteworthy points by special type, and indulges in the formal "on remarquera," "on prend à gauche," and such like stereotyped phrases of the cicerone. There is, however, room for many guide-books to Italy, and M. Bouchet's (when the fact of its being a book destined rather to guide others than what its form and title seem to indicate, a record of personal experiences intended to be literature, is once noted) deserves the praise of being full, well printed, conveniently arranged, portable, handy, and written without pretension.

In his *Souvenirs de la Place de la Roquette* (8) M. Georges Grison, who is, if we are not mistaken, a reporter on the staff of the *Figaro*, has somewhat varied the form in which the results of daily journalism are frequently given to the readers of French brochures in covers red, green, and yellow. For our own part we could have spared the picture if the frame had been given alone; but perhaps equity requires that the frame should excuse the picture. The narrative of the crimes and fates of scoundrels like Couturier, Billoir, Welker, Barré, Lebiez, Menesclou, can only satisfy appetites which are in anything but a healthy condition. But the history of the guillotine, with diagrams of its different forms, and the notices of recent executioners at Paris, have a certain historical value, if not a very high one. M. Grison writes quite well enough for us to wish him a better subject.

A book on a very technical subject which reaches its sixth edition hardly needs recommendation, and M. Haupt's Handbook of Exchanges (9) is in this case. We shall only express some surprise that with such a demand advantage has not been taken to make the correction of the press impeccable, which is certainly not at present the case. Thus, under the head of "Londres," we have *sharee* instead of *shares*, *stetling* day instead of *settling* day, *Sidney* for *Sydney*. These are small matters, but a book containing so much useful information ought, if possible, to be made perfect.

Among reprints the first place is deserved by an extremely dainty edition (10) of the moral writings of Mme. de Lambert,

which has appeared at the Librairie des Bibliophiles in the collection which M. Jouaust calls *Bibliothèque des dames*. The publisher has given his usual or more than his usual care to type and paper, and M. Lalauze has been inspired with a graceful frontispiece which he has etched in a manner not unworthy of the subject, and free from the haste and fluency which sometimes injure the work of his needle. The book itself, which is probably little known in England, though it was early translated, is by no means undeserving of the care bestowed on it. Mme. de Lambert may be said to have headed (or at least to have been one of the heads of) the school of literary and fashionable ladies who came between the *Précieuses* and the Salon-holders of the Encyclopædic period. She was born in 1647; she did not die till 1733—that is to say, she was no longer young when Mme. de Sévigné died, and Mme. du Deffand was no longer young when she herself died. She was accused of being a member of the neo-precious school of Fontenelle, not without reason. The tractates here reprinted—"Advice to a Son and Daughter," "Reflections on Women," &c.—have perhaps little more than an interest of curiosity now. The singularly artificial character of their morality (not indeed pushed to such an extreme as it is in writers like Mme. d'Epinay and Diderot, who pride themselves on the fineness of their moral sentiment at the time that they are complacently violating the plainest moral laws) is conspicuous enough, and in the style the transition between the terse aphorism of La Rochefoucauld and the fluent sermon of the eighteenth century is equally noteworthy. But for this very reason the book is a not unimportant historical document. And it shows not merely a very considerable faculty of observation of the artificial but highly developed society in which the writer found herself, but also no small literary ability.

Editions of Bossuet's magnificent funeral sermons (11), which have never been surpassed in their kind, cannot be too numerous; and the chief thing noticeable about M. Jouaust's new issue of them, besides the excellent editing of M. Armand Gasté, is the demand apparently expected for it by the very experienced publisher. Independently of the unlimited ordinary issue (not at all ordinary in print and paper) at three francs, the fly-leaf announces that something like eight hundred copies have been printed on special papers, some large some small. An English publisher who ventures on a total edition of this number in the case of any classic not printed in a cheap and nasty form is thought a bold man.

Among the pretty little pocket volumes of the *Petite Bibliothèque Charpentier* two new works have made their appearance. Of *Tolla* (12) nothing need be said. But it is a pity that the French language and the French Academy, which boasts of the membership of the translator, could not furnish a better translation of Horace (13) than that which appears with the text in this guise. To translate Horace well in verse is not less difficult, or little less difficult, in French than in English; but in prose the thing can certainly be done. Here it is not done. It is difficult to imagine a more detestably feeble version of "*Jam proterva fronte petet Lalage maritum*" than "*bientôt elle lèvera un front plus hardi vers un amant désiré*." This, however, is an improper phrase, for in almost every page a rendering equally detestable can be found. Men have disputed over the exact meaning of the *curiosa felicitas*, but it most assuredly does not mean the glib conventionality of the worst kind of eighteenth-century French.

The first almanac of the season reaches us in the *Almanach des Soldats*, 1884 (14), and as a *primæur* it deserves notice.

Although we do not profess any extraordinary admiration for the works of Mme. Th. Bentzon as a rule, *Tête folle* (15) deserves to be fairly well spoken of. It bears marks of its author's careful study of English and American novelists. To those who have been accustomed, and rightly accustomed, to regard the average French novelist as a much better workman in his craft than his English-writing brother, this may seem a doubtful compliment. But it is not in the point where French superiority lies—the workmanship and design of the story—but in that where the best English novels are superior even to the best French, the variety and invention of character, that the author of *Tête folle* shows signs of foreign study. The convention of French literature is here rudely broken (as M. Cherbuliez has previously broken it) by selecting the love affairs of an unmarried girl of station and character as the theme. Brittany for the scene, and a beautiful Hungarian Count for the bad hero, may be said to be a relapse into conventionality, but not more than reason. The virtuous hero is rather a stick, but Nonne de Kerlan, a self-sacrificing old maid, is good.

M. de l'Etoile's book (16) is one of those ambitious semi-classical compositions which Frenchmen whose acquaintance with the classics seems to come somewhat short of scholarship not uncommonly attempt. It is a series of dialogues or dramatic sketches of an amatory character, dealing with Biblical, Greek and romantic subjects. To speak the truth, the writer is not quite up

(6) *Les pays sud-slaves de l'Autriche-Hongrie*. Par le Vicomte de Caix de St.-Aymour. Paris: Plon.

(7) *Souvenirs d'Italie*. Par E. Bouchet. Paris: Ollendorff.

(8) *Souvenirs de la Place de la Roquette*. Par Georges Grison. Paris: Dentu.

(9) *Arbitrages et parités*. Par O. Haupt. Sixième édition. Paris: Truchey. London: Kilmington Wilson.

(10) *Œuvres morales de la Marquise de Lambert*. Paris: Jouaust.

(11) *Oraisons funèbres de Bossuet*. Paris: Jouaust.

(12) *Tolla*. Par Edmond About. Paris: Charpentier.

(13) *Odes d'Horace*. Traduction de M. Patin. Paris: Charpentier.

(14) *Almanach des soldats*. Paris: Ollendorff.

(15) *Tête folle*. Par Th. Bentzon. Paris: Calmann-Lévy.

(16) *Les amoureuses*. Par A. de l'Etoile. Paris: Ollendorff.

to his selected mark. In *Zaira* (17) M. Arthur Arnould has given one more of the long and complicated stories of incident which he affects. Without possessing the intricacies of plot which delight the admirers of the late M. Gaboriau and the living M. Fortuné du Boisgobey, these books possess a fair amount of merit. Mme. de Chabrilan has told the old story (18) of "one more unfortunate" in *Marie Baude*, not without some pathos and invention.

(17) *Zaira*. Tome 1. Les amants de Paris. Tome 2. L'enragé. Paris: Charpentier.

(18) *Marie Baude*. Par la Comtesse Lionel de Chabrilan. Paris: Calmann-Lévy.

NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

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The following is to be the subject of Essays in Competition for the Howard Medal of 1881, viz.: "The Preservation of Health as it is affected by personal habits, such as

Cleanliness, Temperance, &c." Cond' dates are referred to Howard's account of his own habits, as well as to his opinions, as set forth in the text and foot-notes of his two works on "Prisons and Lazarettos." The Essays to be sent in on or before June 30, 1881.

Further particulars may be obtained from the ASSISTANT-SECRETARY, at the Office of the Society, King's College Entrance, Strand, London, W.C.

THE LONDON HOSPITAL AND MEDICAL COLLEGE.
Mile End, E.—The SESSION 1883-84 commenced on Monday, October 1, 1883. The Prizes for the past Session, and the Nursing Probationers' Prizes, will be distributed on Tuesday, October 9, at 8 P.M., by Professor HUXLEY, F.R.S., who will also make an Address, after which there will be a Conversation, to which all past and present Students are invited. FOUR ENTRANCE SCHOLARSHIPS, value 100, 40, 20, and 20, will be offered for competition at the end of September to new Students. Fees for Lectures and Hospital Practice, 50 Guineas in one payment, or 100 Guineas in three instalments. All Resident and other Hospital Appointments are free. The Resident Appointments consist of Five House-Physicians, Five House-Surgeons, and One Aconchurship; Two Dressers and Two Maternity Pupils also reside in the Hospital. Special entries may be made for Medical and Surgical practice. The London Hospital is now in direct communication by rail and tram with all parts of the Metropolis.

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From the foregoing Extract the Public may estimate what, in the opinion of "The Medical Press," constitutes "humanity" and "daring." Professor E. Ray Lankester said a few days since at the Meeting of the British Association, at Southampton, "they execute the Physiologist as a monster of cruelty."

GEORGE R. JESSE, *Honorary Secretary.*

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